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THE
MAN OF THE WORLD.

A
C O M E D Y,

51 IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL OF COVENT-GARDEN

AND

S M O C K . A L L E Y .

WRITTEN BY

CHARLES MACKLIN, Esq;
—X—

D U B L I N :

PRINTED IN THE YEAR,
M,DCC,LXXXV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dublin.

Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant,	Mr. MACKLIN.
Egerton, - - -	Mr. M'CREADY.
Lord Lumbercourt, - -	Mr. MOSS.
Sidney, - - -	Mr. SWINDAL.
Melville, - - -	Mr. FOTTERAL.
Counsellor Plausible, -	Mr. G. DAWSON.
Serjeant Eitherfide, -	Mr. GLENNVILLE.
Sam, - - -	Mr. LYNCH.
John, - - -	Mr. MALONE.
Tomlins, - - -	Mr. SMITH.

Lady Mac Sycophant, -	Mrs. SPARKS.
Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt,	Mrs. EGERTON.
Constantia, - - -	Miss JARRETT.
Betty Hint, - - -	Mrs. CORNELYS.
Nanny, - - -	Mrs. O'NEILL.

SCENE, Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant's House
in the Country.

Time—Three Hours.



THE

T H E

MAN OF THE WORLD.

A C T I.

SCENE, A Library in Sir Pertinax's House.

Enter Betty and Footman.

Betty. **T**HE postman is at the gate, Sam, pray step and take in the letters.

Sam. John, the gardiner is gone for them, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. Bid John bring them to me, Sam, tell him I'm here in the Library.

Sam. I will send him to your Ladyship, in a crack.
[Exit Sam.]

Enter Nanny.

Nan. Miss Constantia desires to speak to you, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. How is she now, Nanny, any better?

Nan. Something, but very low spirited still, I verily believe it is as you say.

Bet. Nay, I would take my book oath of it.—I cannot be deceived in that point, Nanny—ay, ay; her business is done; she is certainly breeding, depend upon it.

Nan. Why, so the house-keeper thinks too.

Bet. Nay, I know the father! the very man that ruined her!

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Nan. The deuce you do !

Bet. As sure as you are alive, Nanny, or I am greatly deceived, and yet I can't be deceived neither—Was not that the cook that came gallopping so hard over the common just now ?

Nan. The same. How very hard he gallopped. He has been but three quarters of an hour, he says, coming from Hyde Park corner.

Bet. And, what time will the family be down ?

Nan. He has orders to have dinner ready by Five ; there are to be Lawyers, and a great deal of company.—He fancies there is to be a private wedding here to night, between our young Master Charles, and Lord Lumbercourt's daughter—the Scotch Lady :—who, he says, is just come from Bath on purpose to be married to him.

Bet. Ay, ay, Lady Rodolpha, as they call her, nay, like enough : for I know it has been talked of a good while ; well, go tell Miss Constantia that I will be with her immediately.

Nan. I shall, Mrs. Betty. *[Exit Nanny.]*

Bet. So ! I find they all believe the impertinent creature is breeding, that is pure, it will soon reach my Lady's ear, I warrant.

Enter John, with Letters.

Well, John, ever a letter for me ?

John. No, Mrs. Betty, but here's one for Miss Constantia.

Bet. Give it me—hum—my Lady's hand.

John. And here is one which the postman says is for my young master, but it is a strange direction (*reads.*) To Charles Egerton, Esq.

Bet. O ! yes—yes—that is for Master Charles, John, for he has dropt his fathers name of Mac Syco-phanth, and has taken up that of Egerton.—The Parliament has ordered it.

John. The Parliament ! pry'thee why so, Mrs. Betty ?

Bet.

Bet. Why, you must know, John, that my Lady, his mother, was an Egerton by her father; she stole a match with our old master, for which all her family, on both sides, have hated Sir Pertinax, and the whole crew of the Mac Sycophants ever since.

John. Except Master Charles, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. O! they doat upon him, for tho' he be a Mac Sycophant, he's the pride of all my Lady's family.—And so, John, my Lady's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, dying an old batchelor, and, as I said before, mortally hating our old master, and the whole crew of the Mac Sycophants, left his whole estate to Master Charles, who was his God-son; but on condition tho', that he shou'd drop his fathers name of Mac Sycophant, and take up that of Egerton, and that is the reason, John, why the Parliament has made him change his name.

John. I am glad that Master Charles has got the estate however, for he is a sweet tempered gentleman.

Bet. As ever lived, but come, John, as I know you love Miss Constantia, and are fond of an opportunity of speaking to her, I will make you happy, you shall carry her letter to her.

John. Shall I, Mrs. Betty? I am very much obliged to you, where is she?

Bet. In the housekeeper's room, settling the desert.—Give me Mr. Egerton's letter, I will lay it on the table in his dressing room, I see it's from his brother, Mr. Sandy; so, now go and deliver your letter to your sweetheart, John.

John. That I will, Mrs. Betty, and I am much obliged to you for the favour of letting me carry it to her; for tho' she should never have me, yet I shall always love her, and wish to be near her, she is so sweet a creature—Your servant, Mrs. Betty, I will kiss the letter for her sake—sweet, sweet, dear Miss Constantia!—O! if I was but kissing her hand, Betty, now, instead of this letter, how happy shou'd I be—Your servant, Mrs. Betty. *[Exit John.]*

Bet. Your servant, John—ha! ha! ha! poor fellow, he perfectly doats on her, and daily follows her

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about with nosegays and fruit, and the first of every thing in the season ; ay, and my young Master Charles too, he is in as bad a way as the gardiner—in short, every body loves her, and that is one reason why I hate her :—for my part, I wonder what the deuce the men see in her—a creature that was taken in for charity—I am sure she is not so handsome—I wish she was out of the family once, if she was, I might then stand a chance of being my Lady's favourite myself ; ay, and perhaps of getting one of my young Masters for a sweetheart—or at least, the Chaplain—But as to him, there would be no such great catch, if I should get him—I will try for him however ; and my first step shall be, to let the Doctor know all I have discovered about Constantia's intrigues with her spark at Hadley—Yes, that will do, for the Doctor loves to talk with me, and always smiles and jokes with me (*laughs*) he, he,—he loves to hear me talk too, and I verily believe he, he, he, that he has a sneaking kindness for me ! besides, this story will make him have a good opinion of my honesty, and that I am sure will be one step towards it.—O bless me ! here he comes, and my young Master with him—I'll watch an opportunity to speak to him, as soon as he is alone, for I will blow her up, I am resolved, as great a favourite, and as cunning as she is. [Exit.]

Enter Egerton (in great warmth and emotion) Sidney following, as in earnest conversation.

Sid. Nay, dear Charles, but why are you so impetuous ? Why do you break from me so abruptly ?

Egert. I have done, Sir—You have refused—I have nothing more to say upon the subject—I am satisfied.

Sid. (Spoke with a glow of tender friendship.) Come, come, correct this warmth ; it is the only weak ingredient in your nature ; and you ought to watch it carefully ; if I am wrong, I will submit without reserve ; but consider the nature of your request, and how it would affect me. From your earliest Youth
your

your Father has honoured me with the care of your Education, and the general conduct of your mind; and however singular and morose his behaviour may be towards others, to me he has ever been respectful and liberal. I am now under his roof too—and because I will not abet an unwarrantable passion, by an abuse of my sacred character, in marrying you beneath your rank, and in direct opposition to your Father's hopes and happiness—you blame—you angrily break from me, and call me unkind.

Egert. (With kindness and conviction.) Dear Sidney, for my warmth I stand condemned; but for my marriage with Constantia, I think I can justify it upon every principle of filial duty, honour and worldly prudence.

Sid. Only make that appear, Charles, and you know you may command me.

Egert. I am sensible how unworthy it appears in a Son to descant on the unamiable passions of a Father; but as we are alone, and friends, I cannot help observing, in my own defence, that when a Father will not allow the use of reason to any of his Family—when his pursuit of greatness makes him a slave abroad—only to be a tyrant at home—when his narrow partiality to Scotland, on every trivial occasion, provokes him to enmity even with his Wife and Children, only because they dare give a national preference where they think it is most justly due—and when merely to gratify his own ambition, he would marry his Son into a family he detests. *(With great warmth.)* Sure, Sidney, a Son thus circumstanced (from the dignity of human nature, and the feelings of a loving heart) has a right, not only to protest against the blindness of the Parent, but to pursue those measures, that virtue and happiness point out.

Sid. The violent temper of Sir Pertinax, I own, cannot on many occasions be defended—but still your intended alliance with Lord Lumbercourt.—

Egert. O! contemptible! A trifling, quaint, haughty, voluptuous! servile tool!—the mere lackey of party and corruption; who for the prostitution of near
thirty

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thirty years, and the ruin of a noble fortune, has had the despicable satisfaction, and the infamous honour, of being kicked up, and kicked down, kicked in, and kicked out—just as the insolence, compassion, or convenience of leaders predominated; and now, being forsaken by all parties, his whole political consequence amounts to, the power of franking a letter, and the right honourable privilege of not paying a Tradesman's bill.

Sid. Well, but, dear Charles, you are not to wed my Lord, but his daughter.

Egert. Who is as disagreeable for a companion, as her Father is for a friend or an ally.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha! What, her Scotch accent, I suppose, offends you?

Egert. No—upon my honour—not in the least, I think it entertaining in her, but were it otherwise, in decency—and, indeed, in national affection (being a Scotchman myself) I can have no objection to her on that account—besides, she is my near relation.

Sid. So I understand—but how comes Lady Rodolpha, who, I find, was born in England, to be bred in Scotland?

Egert. From the dotage of an old, formal, obstinate, stiff, rich, Scotch Grandmother; who, upon a promise of leaving this Grandchild all her fortune, which is very considerable, wou'd have the Girl sent to her to Scotland, when she was but a year old; and there has she been bred up ever since, with this old Lady, in all the vanity, and unlimited indulgence, that fondness and admiration could bestow on a spoiled Child, a fancied Beauty! and a pretended Wit!

Sid. O! you are too severe on her.

Egert. I do not think so, Sidney; for she seems a being expressly fashioned by nature, to figure in these days of levity and dissipation! her spirits are inexhaustible! her parts strong and lively! with a sagacity that discerns, and a talent not unhappy in painting the weak side of whatever comes before her.—But what raises her merit to the highest pitch, in the laughing world is, her boundless vanity, in the exertion of those talents,

talents, which often renders herself much more ridiculous, than the most whimsical of the characters she exposes.—And is this a woman fit to make my happiness? This the partner that Sidney would recommend to me for life? To you, who best know me, I appeal.

Sid. Why, Charles, it is a delicate point—unfit for me to determine—besides your Father has set his mind upon the match.

Egert. (*Impatiently.*) All that I know—but still I ask, and insist upon your candid judgment, is she the kind of Woman that you think could possibly contribute to my happiness?—I beg you will give me an explicit answer.

Sid. The subject is disagreeable—But since I must speak—I do not think she is.

Egert. I know you do not; and I am sure you never will advise the match.

Sid. I never did—I never will.

Egert. (*With a start of joy.*) You make me happy—which, I assure you, I never could be with your judgment against me on this point.

Sid. And yet, Charles, give me leave to observe, that Lady Rodolpha, with all her ridiculous laughing vanity, has a goodness of heart, and a kind of vivacity, that not only entertains, but upon seeing her two or three times, improves upon you, and when her torrent of spirits abates, and she condescends to converse gravely, you will really like her.

Egert. Why, aye, she is sprightly, good-humoured, and tho' whimsical, and often too high in her colouring of characters, and in the trifling business of the idle world, yet, I think she has principles and a good heart; but in a partner for life, Sidney, (you know your own precept—your own judgment) affection, capricious in its nature, must have something even in the external manners—nay, in the very mode, not only of beauty, but virtue itself, which both heart and judgment must approve, or our happiness in that delicate point cannot be lasting.

Sid. I grant it.

Egert.

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Egert. And that mode, that amiable essential, I never can meet with but in Constantia.—You sigh.

Sid. No, I only wish that Constantia had a fortune equal to yours; but pray, Charles, suppose I had been so indiscreet as to have agreed to marry you to Constantia, would she have consented, think you?

Egert. That I cannot say positively; but I suppose so.

Sid. Did you never speak to her, upon that subject then?

Egert. In general terms only; never directly asked her consent in form; but I will this very moment, for I have no asylum from my Father's arbitrary design, but my Constantia's arms—Pray do not stir from hence—I will return instantly; I know she will submit to your advice, and I am sure you will persuade her to my wish, as my life, my peace, my earthly happiness depend upon my Constantia. *[Exit.*

Sid. Poor Charles! He little dreams that I love Constantia—but to what degree I knew not myself, till he importuned me to join their hands.—Yes, I love, but must not be a rival—for he is dear to me as fraternal friendship—my benefactor, my friend, and that name is sacred. It is our better self, and ought to be preferred.—For the man who gratifies his passions at the expence of his friend's happiness, wants but a head to contrive, for he has a heart capable of the blackest vice.

Enter Betty, running up to him.

Bet. I beg pardon, Sir, for my intrusion; I hope, Sir, I do not disturb you.

Sid. Not in the least, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I humbly hope you will excuse me, Sir,—but I wanted to break my mind to your honour about a scruple—that lies upon my conscience—and, indeed, I shou'd not have presumed to trouble you, Sir, but that I know you are my young Master's friend—and, indeed, a friend to the whole family—*(runs up to him and curtseys)*

sees very low.) for to give you your due, Sir, you are as good a preacher as ever went into a pulpit.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha! Do you think so, Mrs. Betty?

Bet. Ay in truth do I—and as good a Gentleman too as ever came into a family, and one that never gives a servant a hard word; nor that does any one an ill turn, neither behind one's back, nor before one's face.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha!—why you are a mightty well spoken woman, Mrs. Betty, and I am extremely beholden to you for your good character of me.

Bet. Indeed, Sir, it is no more than what you deserve; and what all the servants say of you.

Sid. I am much obliged to them, Mrs. Betty—But pray, what are your commands with me?

Bet. Why, I will tell you, Sir,—to be sure, I am but a servant, as a body may say, and every tub should stand upon its own bottom; but *(she holds him familiarly, looks about cautiously, and speaks in a low familiar tone of great secrecy.)* my young Master is now in the China room, in close conference with Miss Constantia—I know what they are about—but that is no business of mine—and therefore I made bold to listen a little; because you know, Sir, one would be sure, before one took away any body's good name.

Sid. Very true, Mrs. Betty—very true, indeed.

Bet. Oh! heavens forbid that I should take away any young woman's good name, unless I had good reason for it:—But, Sir, if I am in this place alive—as I listened with my ear close to the door—I heard my young Master ask Miss Constantia—the plain marriage question; upon which, I started and trembled—nay, my very conscience stirred within me so, that I, I, I cou'd not help peeping thro' the key-hole.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha!—And so your conscience made you peep thro' the key-hole, Mrs. Betty?—Ha!

Bet. It did indeed, Sir, and then I saw my young Master down upon his knees; and what do you think he was doing?—Lord bless us!—kissing her hand, as if he would eat it; and protesting and assuring her, he knew that you, Sir, would consent to the match—and then,

then, O! my good Sir, the tears ran down her cheeks as fast——

Sid. Ay!

Bet. (*Crying tenderly.*) They did indeed, Sir; I wou'd not tell your reverence a lie for the world.

Sid. I believe it, Mrs. Betty, I believe it; and what did Constantia say to all this?

Bet. (*Sneering severely, and shaking her head.*) O! she is sly enough—the looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, but all is not gold that glistens—smooth water you know runs deepest, (*speaks this with sorrow*) I am sorry my young Master makes himself such a fool, very sorry, indeed; but um—ha—take my word for it, *he* is not the man, (*sneeringly*) for tho' she looks as modest as a maid at a chritening. (*hesitating*) Yet, a—when sweet-hearts meet in the dusk of the evening—and stay together a whole hour in a dark grove—and—a—embrace—and kifs—and weep at parting—why then you know, Sir—it is easy to guess all the rest.

Sid. Why, did Constantia meet any body in this manner?

Bet. (*Starting with surprise.*) O, Heavens! I beg, Sir, you will not misapprehend me! for I assure you I do not believe they did any harm—that is—not in the grove—at least not when I was there—and she may be honestly married for aught I know.—O lud! Sir, I would not say an ill thing of Miss Constantia for all the world—for to besure she is a good creature—'tis true my Lady took her in for charity—and, indeed, has bred her up to the music, and figures—ay, and to reading all the books about Homer—and Paradise—and Gods and Devils—and every thing in the world—as if she had been a Duchess;—but some people are born with luck in their mouths—and then, as the saying is, you may throw them into the sea—(*deports herself most affectedly.*)—but if I had had dancing masters, and music, and French monsieurs to teach *me*, (*smiles, coquets, and puts on important airs of affectation.*) I believe I might read the globes, and the maps, and have danced, and have been as clever as other folks.

Sid.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha!—No doubt of it, Mrs. Betty, no doubt in the least.—But, Mrs. Betty, you mentioned something of a dark walk—about kissing—a sweet-heart—and Constantia.

Bet. O lud! Sir, I don't know any thing of the matter—she may be very honest for ought I know—I only say, that they did meet in the dark walk; and all the servants are laughing and tittering, and constantly observing, that Miss Constantia wears her stays very loose—looks very pale—is sick in a morning, and after dinner;—and as sure as my name is Betty Hint, something has happened that I won't name; but nine months hence, a certain person in this family, may ask me to stand God-mother, for I think I know what's what, when I see it, as well as another.

Sid. No doubt you do, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I do indeed, Sir, and (*she cries, turns up her eyes, and acts a most friendly devout hypocrisy.*) I am very sorry for Miss Constantia, I never thought she would have taken such courses—for in truth, I love her as if she were my own sister—and tho' all the servants say she is breeding, yet, for my part, I don't believe it—but one must speak according to one's conscience you know, Sir.

Sid. I see you do, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I do indeed, Sir, and so your servant, Sir—(*going away and returning.*) But I hope your Worthip will not mention my name in this business, or that you had any item from me.

Sid. I shall not, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. For indeed, Sir, I am no busy-body—nor do I love fending and proving—and I assure you, Sir, I hate all tittling and tattling, and gossiping, and back-biting, and taking away a young person's character, be her ever so bad.

Sid. I observe you do, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I do indeed, Sir, I am the farthest from it in the world.

Sid. I dare say you are.

Bet. I am indeed, Sir, and so your humble servant.

Sid. Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

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Bet. (*Aside in great exultation.*) So! I see he believes every word I say—that's charming—I will do her business for her, I am resolved. *Exit.*

Sid. What can this ridiculous creature mean—by her dark walk—her private spark—her kissing—and all her slanderous insinuations against Constantia, whose conduct is as unblameable as innocence itself? I see envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench, as in the vainest or most ambitious Lady of the Court. It is always a most infallible mark of the basest nature, and merit in the lowest, as in the highest station, must feel the shafts of envy's constant agents, falsehood and slander.

Enter Sam.

Sam. Sir, Mr. Egerton and Miss Constantia, desire to speak with you in the China room.

Sid. Very well, Sam.

Exit Sam.

I will not see them—What is to be done? Inform his Father of his intended marriage.—No; that must not be—for the overbearing temper, and ambitious policy of Sir Pertinax, would exceed all bounds of moderation. He has banished one Son already, only for daring to differ from his judgment concerning the merits of Scotch and English historians.—But this young Man must not marry Constantia—would his Mother were here:—she, I suppose, knows nothing of his indiscretion, but she shall the moment she comes hither—I know it will offend him—no matter, it is our duty to offend, when the offence saves the Man we love from a precipitate action, which the world must condemn, and his own heart, perhaps, upon reflection, for ever repent.—Yes, I must discharge the duty of my function, and a friend, tho' I am sure to lose the Man whom I intend to serve. *Exit.*

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Enter Egerton and Constantia.

Const. **M**R. Sidney, is not here, Sir.

Egert. I assure you I left him here, and begged that he wou'd stay till I returned.

Const. His prudence you see, Sir, has made him retire, therefore we had better defer the subject till he is present.—In the mean time, Sir, I hope you will permit me to mention an affair, that has greatly alarmed and perplexed me ; I suppose you guess what it is ?

Egert. I do not, upon my word.

Const. That's a little strange.—You know, Sir, that you and Mr. Sidney, did me the honour of breakfasting with me this morning in my little study.

Egert. We had that happiness, Madam.

Const. Just after you left me, opening my book of accounts, which lay in the drawer of the reading desk, to my great surprise, I there found this case of jewels, containing a most elegant pair of ear-rings, and a necklace of great value, and two bank bills in this pocket-book, the mystery of which, I presume, Sir, you can explain.

Egert. I can.

Const. They are of your conveying then

Egert. They were, Madam.

Const. I assure you they startled and alarmed me.

Egert. I hope it was a kind alarm ; such as blushing Virtue feels, when with her hand, she gives her heart and last consent,

Const. It was not indeed, Sir.

Egert. Do not say so, Constantia—come, be kind at once ; my peace and worldly bliss depend upon this moment.

Const. What wou'd you have me do ?

Egert. What love and virtue dictate.

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Const. O! Sir, experience but too severely proves, that such unequal matches as ours, never produce aught but contempt and anger in parents, censure from the world, and a long train of sorrow and repentance in the wretched parties, which is but too often entailed upon their hapless issue.

Egert. But that, Constantia, cannot be our condition, for my fortune is independent and ample, equal to luxury and splendid folly; I have a right to choose the partner of my heart.

Const. But, I have not, Sir—I am a dependant on my Lady—a poor, forsaken, helpless orphan, your benevolent mother found me; took me to her bosom, and there supplied my parental loss, with every tender care-indulgent dalliance, and with all the sweet persuasion that maternal fondness, religious precepts, polished manners, and hourly example could administer. She fostered me, (*weeps*) and shall I now turn viper, and, with black ingratitude, sting the tender heart that thus has cherished me? Shall I seduce her house's heir, and kill her peace?—No; tho' I loved to the mad extreme of female fondness—tho' every worldly bliss, that woman's vanity, or man's ambition could desire, followed the indulgence of my love; and all the contempt and misery of this life, the denial of that indulgence, I would discharge my duty to my benefactress, my earthly guardian, my more than parent.

Egert. My dear Constantia, your prudence, your gratitude, and the cruel virtue of your self-denial, do but increase my love, my admiration, and my misery.

Const. Sir, I must beg you will give me leave to return these bills and jewels.

Egert. Pray do not mention them—Sure my kindness and esteem may be indulged so far, without suspicion or reproach. I beg you will accept of them, nay, I insist.

Const. I have done, Sir—my station here is to obey—I know they are the gifts of a virtuous heart, and mine shall convert them to the tenderest and most grateful use—(*weeps*)

Egert.

Egert. Hark! I hear a coach—it is my Father—
dear girl retire and compose yourself—I will send Sid-
ney and my Lady to you; and by their judgment we
will be directed—Will that satisfy you?

Const. I can have no will but my Lady's—with
your leave, I will retire—I wou'd not see her in this
confusion.

Egert. Dear girl, adieu—and think of love, of
happiness, and the man, who never can be blest with-
out you. *[Exit Constantia.]*

Enter Sam.

Sam. Sir Pertinax, and my Lady, are come, Sir,
and my Lady desires to speak with you in her own
room. O! she is here, Sir. *[Exit Sam.]*

Enter Lady Mac Sycophant.

E Mac. *(In great confusion and distress.)* Dear
child, I am glad to see you, why did you not come to
town yesterday to attend the levee? Your Father is
incensed to the uttermost at your not being there.

Egert. *(In great warmth.)* Madam, it is with ex-
treme regret I tell you, that I can no longer be a slave
to his temper, his politics, and his scheme of marrying
me to this woman. Therefore, you had better consent
at once to my going out of the kingdom, and to my
taking Constantia with me; for without her, I never
can be happy.

L. Mac. As you regard my peace, or your own
character, I beg you will not be guilty of so rash a
step.—You promised me you would never marry her
without my consent. I will open it to your Father—
Pray, dear Charles, be ruled, let me prevail. Here
he comes, I will get out of his way—but I beg,
Charles, while he is in this ill humour, that you will
not oppose him, let him say what he will—when his
passion is a little cool, I will return and try to bring
him to reason—but pray do not thwart him.

Egert. Madam, I will not.

[Exit L. Mac.]

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Enter Sir Pertinax—in great haughtiness and anger.

Sir Pert. Weel, Sir, vary weel! vary weel!—
Are not you a very fine fellow; a hagh——

Enter Tomlins.

What want you, Sir?

Tom. Sir, the groom is come back—he has been as far as Hammersmith, and the turnpike men, and every person upon the road, are sure that Lord Lumbercourt has not passed by this day.

Sir Pert. Let them take the chesnut gelding and return to town directly, and enquire at my Lord's house, whether he is at home, or if they know what is become of him—and do you hear—the moment that Counsellor Plausible and Mr. Serjeant Either-side arrive, let me know it. [*Exit Tomlins*] Weel, Sir, pray what do you think of yourself, are not you a fine spark?—are not you a fine spark, I say?—So you would not come up to the levee?

Egert. Sir, I beg your pardon, but I—I—I was not very well—besides, I did not think that my presence there was necessary.

Sir Pert. (*Snaps him up.*) Sir, it was necessary—I tauld ye it was necessary—and, Sir, I must now tell you, that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Egert. I am sorry you think so, Sir—I am sure I do not intend to offend you

Sir Pert. I care not what you intend, Sir, I tell you, you do offend—what is the meaning of this conduct?—neglect the levee!—neglecting the levee is such a contempt, and such an ignorance of the world, that, I death, Sir, your—What is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands? (*Egerton bows.*) None of your bowing and sighing, Sir, give me an immediate answer.

Egert. (*With a stifled filial resentment.*) Sir, I own I am not used to levees; nor do I know how to dispose of myself, or what to say or do in such a station.

Sir

Sir Pert. (With a proud, angry resentment.) Zounds, Sir, do you not see, what others do gentle and simple; temporal and spiritual; Lords, Members, Judges, Generals, and Bishops, aw crouding, burstling, pushing foremost untill, intul the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a luock or a smile fra the great Mon—which they meet with an amicable risibility of aspect, a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating co-operation of the whole mon, which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates, that they luock upon themselves as the suppliant appendage of his power, and the inlisted Swiss of his political fortune.—This, Sir, is what you ought to do—and this, Sir, is what I never once omitted for these five and thirty years—let wha wou'd be minifter.

Egert. (Aside.) Contemptible!

Sir Pert. What is that ye mutter, Sir?

Egert. Only a slight reflection, Sir, not relative to you.

Sir Pert. Sir, your absenting yourself from the levee at this juncture, is suspeecious; it is luocked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your country men are highly offended with your conduct, for, Sir, they do not look upon you as a friend, or a well-wisher to Scotland, or to Scotchmen.

Egert. (With a quick warmth.) Then, Sir, they wrong me, I assure you; but pray, Sir, in what particular can I be charged, either with coldness, or offence to my country!

Sir Pert. Why, Sir, ever since your mother's uncle (Sir Stanly Egerton) left you this three thousand pounds a year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are growing proud, that you have estranged yourself fra the Mac Sycophants—have associated with your mother's family—with the opposition, and with those who do not wish weel to Scotland—besides, Sir, in a conversation the other day after dinner, at your cousin Campbell M'Kenzie's, before a whole table full of your ayn relations, did you not publicly wish a total extinguishment

guishment of aw party, and of aw national distinctions whatever relative to the three kingdoms. (*With great anger.*) And was that a prudent wish before so many of your ain countrymen, and be damn'd to you? Or was it a filial language to hold before me?

Egert. Sir, with your pardon, I cannot think it un-filial or imprudent; (*with a most patriotic warmth*) I own, I do wish, most ardently wish, for a total extinction of all parties; particularly, that those of English, Irish, and Scotch, might never more be brought into contest or competition, unless like loving brothers, in general emulation for one common cause.

Sir Pert. How, Sir, do you persist? What would you banish aw party and distinction between English, Irish, and your ain countrymen?

Egert. (*With great dignity of spirit*) I would, Sir.

Sir Pert. Then damn ye, Sir, ye are nai true Scot!—Ay, Sir, you may luock as angry as you wuol—but again, I say—ye are nai true Scot!

Egert. Your pardon, Sir, I think he is the true Scot, and the true citizen; who wishes equal justice to the merit and demerit of every subject of Great Britain, amongst whom, I know but of two distinctions.

Sir Pert. Weel, Sir, and what are those? What are those?

Egert. The knave, and the honest man.

Sir Pert. Plhaw! ridiculous—nonsense!—stuff!—all idle hacknied opposition, cant, and nonsense.

Egert. And, he, Sir, who makes any other, be him of the North, or of the South, of the East, or of the West, in place, or out of place; is an enemy to the whole, and to the virtues of humanity!

Sir Pert. Ay, Sir, this is your brother's impudent doctrine—for the which I have banished him for ever fra my presence, my heart, and my fortune.—Sir, I will have nai Son of mine, because truly he has been educated in an English feminary, presume (under the mask of public candor) to speak against his native land, or my principles, Sir—Scotsmen—Scotsmen—Sir, wherever they meet throughout the globe should unite and stick together, as it were in a poleetical phalanx.

Egert.

Egert. That is a severe judgment, Sir, and according to my observation, and indeed my frequent experience, consistent neither with truth, nor the indiscriminate affection of impartial nature.

Sir Pert. How, Sir, not consistent with truth?

Egert. Not in my opinion, Sir, for I, who am a Scotchman as well as you, have met with as warm friendships, and as many too, out of Scotland, as ever I met with in it.

Sir Pert. Sir, I do not believe you!—I do not believe you!—But, Sir, you have a saucy, lurking prejudice against your ain country, you hate it—yes, your mother, her family, and your brother, Sir, have aw the same disaffected rankling, and by that, and their politics together, they will be the ruin of you, themselves, and aw' who connect with them, however, nai mair of that now, I weell talk at large with ye about that business anon—In the mean time, Sir, notwithstanding your contempt of my advice, and your disobedience till my commands, I will convince you of my paternal attention till your welfare, by my management with this voluptuary—this Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter you are to marry—ye ken, Sir, that the fellow has been my patron these three and tharty years.

Egert. True, Sir.

Sir Pert. Vary weel—and now, Sir, you see by his prodigality, he is become my dependant, and accordingly, I have made my bargain with him. The dee'l a baubee he has in the world, but what comes thro' these clutches; for his whole estate, which has three impleecit boroughs on it, mark—is now in my custody at nurse; the which estate, on my paying off his debts, and allowing him a life-rent of seven thousand pounds per annum, is to be made over till me for my life; and at my death it is to descend till ye, and your issue.—The peerage of Lumbercourt, ye ken, will follow of course.—So, Sir, ye see by this marriage there are three impleecit boroughs, the whole patrimoney of Lumbercourt, and a peerage at one flap—Why it is a stroke—

stroke—a hit—a hit—Zounds, Sir, a man may live a century and not make sic another hit again.

Egert. It is a very advantageous bargain, no doubt, Sir—But what will my Lord's family say to it?

Sir Pert. Why, man, he cares not if his family were aw at the dee'l, so that his luxury be but gratified.—Only let him have a race horse till feed his vanity, his polite blacklegs to advise him in his matches on the turf, at cards, and at tennis, and his harridan till drink drams wee him, and in her drunken hysterics to scrat his face and burn his periwig, or let him have a dozen of his dependants, and half a dozen of his Swiss borough voters, sit up all night drinking bumpers of success to the opposition—and double bumpers of destruction to the ministry; and then, Sir, the fellow has aw that he wants, and aw that he wishes in this world or the next.

Enter Tomlins.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come, Sir.

Sir Pert. And my Lord?

Tom. Sir, he is about a mile or two behind, the servants say.

Sir Pert. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, Sir.

[Exit.]

Sir Pert. Step ye oot, Charles, and receive Lady Rodolpha—and I desire, Sir, that you wool treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible; for my Lord has hinted that ye have been a little remis as a lover.—So go, go, and receive her with warmth and rapture.

Egert. I shall, Sir.

Sir Pert. Odzucks, Charles, you shou'd administer a torrent of adulation to her; for woman, Sir, never thinks a man loves her till he has made an idiot of her understanding by flattery—for flattery, Sir, is the prime bliss of the sex—the nectar and ambrosia of their vanity, so that you can never give them too much of it—go, go, a good lad, and mind your flattery.
[Exit Egerton.]—Ha! I must keep a tight hand upon
this

this fellow, I see—ah! I am frightened out of my wits lest his mother's family should seduce him to the opposition party, which would totally ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart—a fine time a day, indeed, for a blockhead till turn patriot—when the character is exploded—marked—proscribed, why the common people, the very vulgar have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now a days, just as they do at a magician, a conjurer, or any other impostor in society.

Enter Tomlins and Lord Lumbercourt.

Tom. Lord Lumbercourt. *[Exit Tomlins.]*

L. Lum. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir Pert. (*Bows very low.*) Your Lordship's most devoted—I rejoice to see you.

L. Lum. Why you stole a march on me this morning—gave me the slip Mac, tho' I never wanted your assistance more in my life, I thought you would have called upon me.

Sir Pert. My dear Lord I beg ten-millions of pardons for leaving the town before you; but you ken that your Lordship at dinner yesterday positively settled it, that we should meet this morning at the levee.

L. Lum. That I acknowledge, Mac—I did promise to be there, I own.

Sir Pert. You did, indeed, and accordingly I was at the levee, and waited there till every mortal was gone—and seeing you did not come, I concluded that your Lordship was gone before, and away I pelted hither, as I thought after ye.

L. Lum. Why, to confess the truth, my dear Mac—that old sinner, Lord Freakish, General Jolly, Sir Anthony Soker, and two or three more of that set, laid hold of me last night at the opera; and as the General says, I believe by the intelligence of my head this morning; that we drank deep ere we departed—ha! ha! ha!

Sir

24 THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! Nay, if you were with that party, my Lord, I don't wonder at not seeing your Lordship at the levee.

L. Lum. The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee; but I wish I had seen you before you left town, I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir Pert. I am heartily sorry then I was not in the way, but on what account my Lord did you want me?

L. Lum. Ha! ha! ha! a cursed awkward affair—and ha! ha! ha! yet, I cannot help laughing at it neither—tho' it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir Pert. Vexed you my Lord! Zounds, I wish I had been with you—but for Heaven's sake, my Lord, what was it that could possibly vex your Lordship?

L. Lum. Why that impudent teasing, dunning rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer—you know the fellow.

Sir Pert. Perfectly, my Lord.

L. Lum. This impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some kind of a something or other in the law, which I think they call—an execution.

Sir Pert. The rascal!

L. Lum. Upon which, Sir, the fellow, by way of asking pardon, had the modesty of waiting upon me two or three days ago, to inform my *honour*, ha! ha! ha! as he was pleased to dignify me, that the execution was now ready to put in force against my *honour*, but that out of respect to my *honour*, as he had taken a great deal of my *honours* money, he would not suffer his Lawyer to serve it upon my *honour*, till he had first informed my *honour*, because he was not willing to affront my *honour*—ha! ha! ha!—a son of a whore.

Sir Pert. I never hard of so impudent a dog!

L. Lum. Now my dear Mac—ha! ha! ha! as the scoundrel's apology was so very satisfactory—and his information so very agreeable, I told him that in *honour*, I thought that my *honour*, could not do less than to order his *honour* to be paid immediately.

Sir Pert. Vary weel—vary weel—ye were as complaisant as the scoundrel till the full, I think my Lord.

L. Lum.

L. Lum. You shall hear—you shall hear Mac—So, Sir, with great composure, seeing a smart oaken cudgel, that stood very handily in a corner of my dressing room, I ordered two of my fellows to hold the rascal, and another to take the cudgel, and return the scoundrel's civility with a good drubbing, as long as the stick lasted.

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! admirable,—as gude a stroke of humour and fun as ever I heard of—And did they drub him, my Lord?

L. Lum. O! most liberally—ha! ha! ha!—most liberally, Sir—and there I thought the affair would have rested, till I shou'd think proper to pay the scoundrel; but this morning, Sir, just as I was stepping into my chaise—my servants all about me, a fellow, called a Tip staff, stepped up to us, and with a very modest address, requested the favour of my *footman*, who thrashed the upholsterer, and the two that held him, to go along with him, upon a little business—to my Lord Chief Justice.

Sir Pert. The Devil!

L. Lum. And at the very same instant, I in my turn, was accosted by two very civil scoundrels, who, with a most insolent politeness, begged my pardon, and informed me, that I must not go into my own chaise.

Sir Pert. How, my Lord, not into your ain carriage?

L. Lum. No, Sir, not into my own chaise, for that they, by order of the sheriff, must seize it at the suit of a gentleman, one Mr. Mahogany, an upholsterer.

Sir Pert. An impudent villian!

L. Lum. It is all true, I assure you, so you see my dear Mac, what a damn'd country this is to live in! where noblemen are obliged to pay their debts, just like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics—is not that a damn'd scandal to the nation, Mac?

Sir Pert. Sir, there is not a nation in the whole world besides, has such a grievance to complain of.

L. Lum. But, Sir, what is worse than all that, the scoundrel has seized upon the house too, that I furnished for the girl I took from the opera.

Sir Pert. I never heard of sic an a scoundrel!

L. Lum. Ay, but what concerns me most, my dear Mac, is I am afraid th t the villian will tend down to New-market, and seize my string of horses.

Sir Pert. Your string of horses! Zounds! we must prevent that at all events—that would be such a disgrace—I will dispatch an exprefs to town directly, to put a stop till the scoundrel's proceedings.

L. Lum. Prithee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. O! it shall be done, my Lord.

L. Lum. Thou art an honest fellow, upon honour.

Sir Pert. O! my Lord, it is my duty to oblige your Lordship, to the utmost stretch of my abeelity.

Enter Tomlin's.

Tom. Colonel Topper, presents his compliments to you, Sir, and having no family down with him in the country, he, and Captain Hardbottle, if not inconvenient, will do themselves the *honour* of taking a family dinner with you.

Sir Pert. They are two of our militia officers—does your Lordship know them?

L. Lum. By sight only.

Sir Pert. I am afraid, my Lord, they will interrupt our business.

L. Lum. Not at all—I should like to be acquainted with Topper; they say he's a damn'd jolly fellow.

Sir Pert. O, devilish jolly!—devilish jolly!—he and the Captain are twa of the hardest drinkers in the country.

L. Lum. So I have heard; let us have them by all means, Mac—they will enliven the scene. How far are they from you?

Sir Pert. Just across the meadows—not half a mile my Lord; a step, a step.

L. Lum. O, let us have the jolly dogs, by all means.

Sir Pert. My compliments—I shall be proud of their company.—[*Exit Tomlin's.*]—Guif you please, my Lord,

Lord, we will gang, and chat a bit with the women ; I have not seen Lady Rodolpha since she returned fra Bath, I long to have a leetle news fra her aboot the company there.

L. Lum. O! she'll give you an account of them, I warrant you. (*Loud laugh within*)

Lady Rodolpha, (*within*)—Ha! ha! ha!—Well, I vow cousin Egerton, you have a vast deal of shrewd humour.

L. Lum. Here the hair brain comes—it must be her by the noise.

L. Rodol (*within*) Allons, gude folks—follow me—sans ceremonie!—

Enter Lady Rodolpha, Lady Mac Sycophant, Egerton, and Sidney.

L. Rodol. (*Running up to Sir Pert.*) Sir Pertinax—your most devoted—most obsequious, and most obedient vassal. (*Curtseys very low.*)

Sir Pert. Lady Rodolpha—doon till the graund, my congratulations, duty, and affection, are at your devotion: and I should rejoice till kiss your Ladyship's footsteps. (*Bows ridiculously low.*)

L. Rodol. O, Sir Pertinax, your humility is most sublimely complaisant—at present—unanswerable;—but, Sir, I shall instantly study to return it fasty fold. (*Curtseys very low*)

Sir Pert. Your Ladyship does me a singular ho—hour—weel, madam—ha! you luock gaily—weel, and how, how is your Ladyship, after your jaunt till the Bath?

L. Rodol. Never better, Sir Pertinax! as weel as youth, health, riotous spirits, and a careless, happy heart can make me.

Sir Pert. I am mighty glad till hear it, my Lady.

L. Lum. Ay, ay, Rodolpha is always in spirits, Sir Pertinax—vive la bagatelle—is the happy philosophy of our family—ha! Rodolpha—ha!

L. Rodol. Traith is it my Lord; and upon honour, I am determin'd it never shall be changed by my con-

sent, ha! ha! ha!—weel, I vow, vive la bagatelle, would be a most brilliant motto for the chariot of a belle of fashion—what say you till my fancy, Lady Mac Sycophant?

L. Mac. It wou'd have novelty at least to recommend it, Madam.

L. Rodol. Which of aw chairms! is the most delightful! that can accompany wit, taste, love, or friendship: for novelty I take to be the true *je-ne-scais-quoi* of all worldly bliss.—Cousin Egerton, should not you wish to have a wife with vive la bagatelle, upon her chariot?

Egert. O, certainly, Madam.

L. Rodol. Yes, I think it wou'd be new quite out of the common, and singularly elegant.

Egert. Indisputably so, Madam—for as a motto is a word to the wise, or rather a broad hint to the whole world, of a persons taste and principles—vive la bagatelle! would be most expressive, at first sight, of your Ladyship's mental character.

L. Rodol. O! Master Egerton! you touch my very heart with your approbation!—ha! ha! ha! yes—vive la bagatelle, is the very spirit of my intention, the instant I commence bride!—Well, I'm immensely proud that my fancy has the approbation of so sound an understanding, and so polished a taste—as *that* of all—the accomplished Mr Egerton. (*Curtseys very low.*)

Egert. O! Heavens, madam, your Ladyship's panegyric is most superlatively complaisant—to answer it, Madam, would require the ascendancy of the highest heaven of invention, and of its brightest sublimity.

L. Rodol. Weel, I vow Master Egerton, you have a most astonishing genius in the complimentary style; not to be decyphered by the present state of my inexperienced capacity!—but, Sir, in order to improve and elevate my intellects, I am determined in a few months to commence a long voyage of air balloon philosophy, on purpose to learn the complimentary sublime, in imitation of Master Egerton, that great luminary of wit, humour, and all convivial politeness!

Lord

Lord Lum. Hey day, hey day! what the devil are ye both about, with your highest heavens, your air balloons, your sublimity, and your nonsensical jargon:— You seem to me, to be playing at riddle my riddle my ree—tell me what my nonsense shall be; it is all downright jargon, upon honour, I do not understand a single thought of all you have both uttered.

Sir Pert. But I do—I do—and they'll soon understand yan another—But, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted till ask your Ladyship some questions about the company at Bath—they say ye had aw the world there.

L. Rodol. O yes, there was a very great mob, indeed—but vary little company:—aw canaille—except our ain party—the place was quite crooded with your little purse prood mechanics, an odd kind of queer luocking animals, that hai started intul untill fortune, fra lottery tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling at Change-alley, and sic caprices of fortune—and awa the aw crood till the Bath.

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! admirable! what a fund of entertainment!

L. Rodol. O, superlative, and inexhaustible, Sir Pertinax, ha! ha! ha!—Madam, we haud in yane group, a Peer, and a Sharper—a Duchefs, and a pin-maker's Wife—a boarding school Miss, and her Grandmother—a fat Parson—a lean General—and a yellow Admiral—ha! ha! ha! aw speeking together, and bawling, and wrangling, and jangling, and fretting, and fuming, in fierce contention, als if the same and fortune of aw the parties were to be issue of the conflict.

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! excellent, and pray, Madam, what was the object of their fierce contention?

L. Rodol. O! a vary important one I assure you!—of no less consequence, Madam, than how an odd trick at whitt was lost—or might have been saved—ha! ha! ha!

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

E Mac. Ridiculous!

L Lum. Ha! ha! ha! My dear Rodolpha, I have teen that very conflict a thousand times.

Sir Pert. And so have I, upon my honour, my Lord.

L. Rodol. In another party, Sir Pertinax, ha! ha! ha! we had what was called the Cabinet Council! which was composed of a Duke, and a Haberdasher; a red hot Patriot, and a sneering Courtier; a discarded Statesman, and his scribbling Chaplain;—we a busy, lawling, muckle-headed prerogative Lawyer—aw of whom were every minute ready to gang together by the lugs, aboot the in, and the oot meenistry.—Ha! ha! ha!—

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha!—Weel, that is a droll mo ley cabinet, I vow, vary whimsical upon my honour—but they are aw great poleeticians at Bath, and settle a meenistry there with as much ease as they do a tune for a country dance!

L. Rodol. Then, Sir Pertinax—in a retired part of the room—snug in a bye corner—in close conference—we haud a Jew, and a Beeshop.

Sir Pert. A Jew and Beeshop—ha! ha! a devilish good connexion, that—and pray, my Lady, what were they aboot?

L. Rodol. Why, Sir, the Beeshop was striving to convert the Jew—while the Jew, by intervals, was flyly picking up intelligence fra the Beeshop, aboot the change in the meenistry, in hopes of making a stroke in the stocks.

Omnes Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pert. Admirable! admirable! I honour the smouse—ha! ha! ha! it was deevilish clever—the Jew distilling the Beeshop's brains.

L. Lum. Yes, yes, the fellow kept a sharp look out; it was a fair trial of skill on both sides, Mr. Egerton.

Egert. True, my Lord, but the Jew seems to be in the fairest way to succeed.

L. Lum. O all to nothing, Sir, ha! ha! ha!—Well, child, I like your Jew and your Bishop much. It is devilish clever, let us have the rest of the history, pray my dear.

L. Rodol.

L. Rodol. Gude traith, my Lord, the sum total is, that there we aw daunced, and wrangled, and flattered, and slandered, and gambled, and cheated, and mingled, and jumbled, and walloped together, till my very bowels went crack again with the woolley wambles.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Lum. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, you are a droll girl, Rodolpha, and upon honour—ha! ha! ha! you have given us as whimsical a sketch as ever was hit off.

Sir Pert. A yes, my Lord, it is an excellent peecture of the odedities that one meets with at Bath.

L. Lum. Why yes, I think there is some fancy in it, Egerton

Egert. Very characteristic, indeed, my Lord.

L. Lum. What say you, Mr. Sidney? Don't you think there is something sprightly in her dashing Caledonian genius?

Sid. Upon my word, my Lord, the Lady has made me see the whole assembly in distinct colours.

L. Lum. Ho! ho! ho! you indelicate creature—why, my dear Rodolpha, ha! ha! ha! do you know what you are talking about?

L. Rodol. Weel, weel, my Lord, guin you lough till you burst, the fact is still true, now in Edinburgh, my Lady, in Edinburgh we ha nai sic pinch-gut doings, for their gude traith, we always hai a gude comfortable dish of cutlets, or collops, or a nice warm, favorey haggis, we a gude swag o' whasky punch till recruit our speerits, aufter our dancing and swatting.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pert. Ay, that is much wholfomer, Lady Rodolpha, then aw their slips and slaps here, i th' footh.

L. Lum. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, my dear Rodolpha, you are a droll girl, upon honour, and very entertaining, I vow—but, my dear child, a little too much upon the dancing and sweating, and the woolley wambles.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter

Enter Tomlins.

Tom. Colonel Toper, and Captain Hardbottle, are come. Sir.

Sir Pert. O, vary weel, dinner immediately.

Tom. It is ready, Sir. *[Exit Tomlins.]*

Sir Pert. My Lord, we attend your Lordship.

E Lum. Lady Mac—your Ladyship's hand, if you please. *(Leads her out.)*

Sir Pert. Lady Rodolpha, here is a sighing arcadian swain, that, I believe, has a hand at your Ladyship's devotion.

L. Rodol. And I, Sir Pertinax, hai ye an at his.—There, Sir, *(gives her hand to Egerton.)* as to hearts ye ken counsin, they are no brought into the account of human dealings now a days.

Egert. O, madam, they are meer temporary baubles, especially in courtship, and no more to be depended on, than the weather, or a lottery ticket.

L. Rodol. Ha! ha! ha! 'twa excellent families I vow, Mr. Egerton—excellent, for they illustrate the vagaries and inconstancy of my dissipated heart, as exactly as if ye had meant till describe it.—*(Egerton leads her off.)*

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! what a vast fund of speerits and guid-humour she has, Maister Sidney.

Sid. A great fund, indeed, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. Come let us till dinner—ha, by this time to-morrow, Maister Sidney, I hope we shall have every thing ready for ye to put the last hand to the happiness of your friend and pupil—and then, Sir, my cares will be over for this life—for as till my other son, Sandy, I expect nai gude of him, nor should I grieve were I to see him in his coffin.—But this match—O! it will make me the happiest of aw human beings!

[Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T III.

Enter Sir Pertinax and Egerton.

Sir Pert. ZOONDS, Sir, I will not hear a word about it.—I insist upon it ye were wrong—ye shai'd hai paid your court till my Lord, and not hai scrupled swallowing a bumper, or twa, or twanty, till oblige him.

Egert. Sir. I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir Pert. Yas, ye did; but how? how?—Just as a bairn takes phee'syc, we aversion, and wry faces, whach my Lord observed.—Then to mend the maiter, the moment that he and the Colonel get intill a drunken dispute about religion, ye sily slunged awa.

Egert. I thought, Sir, it was time to go, when my Lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

Sir Pert. That was not levell'd at you; but at the Colonel, in order till try his bottom—but they all agreed that ye and I shou'd drink out of small glasses.

Egert. But, Sir, I beg pardon—I did not chuse to drink any more.

Sir Pert. But zoonds, Sir! I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

Egert. A necessity! in what respect, Sir?

Sir Pert. Why, Sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the Lawyers, with my Lord, in this agreement of your marriage, aboot which I am afraid we shall hai a warm squabble, and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Egert. But how, Sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir Pert. Yas, Sir, it would hai contributed, and greatly hai contributed till assist me.

Egert. How so, Sir?

Sir Pert. Nai, Sir, it might hai prevented the squabble entirely, for as my Lord 'is prood of ye for a son-in-law, and of your little French songs, your stories,

stories, about the Popes, and Cardinals, and their mistresses, and your bon-mots, when ye are in the humour, and guin you had but staid and been a leetle jolly, and drank half a score bumpers we him, till he got a little tipsy, I am sure when we had him i that mood, we might ha settled the point among ourselves before the Lawyers come ; but nōo, Sir, I donna ken what will be the consequence.

Egert. But, when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, Sir ?

Sir Pert. The most seasonable—the most seasonable—for, Sir, when my Lord is in his cups, his suspencion is asleep, and his heart is aw jolity, feen, and gude fellowship—and, Sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or till settle a dispute we a friend ? What is that you shrug your shouders at, Sir ?—and turn up your eyes to heaven, like a duck in thunder !

Egert. At my own ignorance, Sir—for I understand neither the philosophy, nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir Pert. I know you do not, Sir—and what is worse, ye never weell understand it, as long as ye proceed.—In yean word, Chairles, I hai often tauld ye, and again I tell ye, yeance for aw, that the manoeuvres of pleeabeelity are as necessary to rise i' the world, as wrangling and logical subtilty at the bar—why, you see, Sir, I hai acquired a noble fortune—a princely fortune—and how d'ye think I raised it ?

Egert. Doubtless, Sir, by your abilities.

Sir Pert. Doorless, Sir, ye are a blockhead—Nae, Sir, I'll tell you how I raised it, Sir—I raised it by boowing—by boowing, Sir.—I never i' my life could stand straight i' the presence of a great man ; but was aw ways boowing, and boowing, and boowing—as—as—if it were by instinct.

Egert. How do you mean by instinct, Sir ?

Sir Pert. How do I mean by instinct, why, Sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, Sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind, Sir ; it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable, nay, what

what an infaleeble influence, boeing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature—Chairles, answer me sincerely, hai ye a mind till be convinced of the force of my doctrine, by example and demonstration?

Egert. Certainly, Sir.

Sir Pert. Then, Sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I will gi ye a short sketch of the stages of my bowing, as an excitement, and a landmark for ye till bow by, and as an infaleeable nostrum for a man of the world, till thrive in the world.

Egert. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir Pert. Vary weel, Sir—sit ye down then (*both sit*) and now, Sir, you must recall till your thoughts, that your Grandfather was a man whose penurious income of Captain's half-pay, was the sum total of his fortune; and, Sir, aw my proveesion fra him, was a medium of Latin, an expartneis at areethmatic, and a short system of worldly counsel, the chief ingredients of which were, a persevering industry—a reegid æconomy—a smooth tongue—a pliabeelity of temper—and a constant attention till make every great man well pleased we himself.

Egert. Very prudent conduct, Sir.

Sir Pert. Therefore, Sir, I lay it before ye.—Now, Sir, wi these materials, I set out a rough, rawboned strippling fra the North, till try my fortune we them here i' the sooth—and my first step intull the world, was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's coonting-house, here in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Egert. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, Sir.

Sir Pert. The reverse—the reverse—weel, Sir, seeing my sel in this unprofitable seetuation, I reflected deeply. I cast aboot my thoughts, and concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gate I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set aboot it, now, Sir, in this pursuit—beauty—beauty—ah! beauty often struck mine een, and played aboot my heart—and fluttered, and beat, and knocked—and knocked—

knocked—but the deel an entrance I ever let it get—for I observed, that beauty is generally a prood, vain, faucy, expensive sort of a commodity.

Egert. Very justly observed, Sir.

Sir Pert. And therefore I left it to the prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford till pay for it, and its stead, Sir, mark—I luock'd oot for an antient, well jointered, superannuated Dowager—a consumptive, toothless, pitifical, wealthy widow—or a shreeveled, cadaverous, neglected piece of deformity, i' the shape of an eezard, or an appershiand—or in short, any thing—any thing that had the filler—the filler—for that was the North star of my affection; do you take me, Sir—was nai that right?

Egert. O doubtless, doubtless, Sir.

Sir Pert. Now, Sir, where do ye think I ganged to luock for this woman we the filer? Nai till court—nai till play-houses, nor assemblies—nai, Sir, I ganged till the kirk—till the anabaptist, eendependant, bradleonian, muckleonian meetings—till the morning and evening service of churches and chapples of ease—and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the methodists—and there, at last, Sir, I fell upon an old, rich, fower, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden. She was as tall as a grenadier, and so thin that she luocked ha! ha! ha! she luocked—just like a skeleton in a surgeons's glass-case—Now, Sir, this meeferable object, was releegiously angry wi herself, and aw the world—and had nai comfort but in a supernatural, vicious, and enthusiastic delirums; ha! ha! ha! Sir, she was mad—as mad as a bedlamite.

Egert. Not impossible, Sir—there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir Pert. O numbers, numbers—now, Sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the Tabernacle, in Moor-fields, and as soon as I found she had the filler, aha!—in gude truth, I plumpt me doon upon my knees, close by her, cheek by jole, and praid, and sighed, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth, as vehemently

hemently as she could do for the life of her—ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost crackt again—Weel, Sir, I watched her motions—handed her till her chair—waited on her home—got most releegiously intimate we her—in a week married her—in a fortnight buried her—in a month touched the filler—and we a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful veefage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again—and this, Sir, was the first effectual boow I ever made, till the vanity of human nature.—Now, Sir, d'ye understand this doctrine?

Egert. Perfectly well, Sir.

Sir Pert. Ay, boot was it not right? Was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

Egert. Extremely well, Sir.

Sir Pert. My next boow, Sir, was till your ain meether, whom I ran away wi fra the boarding school—by the interest of whose family, I got a good smart place in the Treasury—and, Sir, my vary next step was intill Parliament—the whach I entered we as ardent, and as determined an ambeetion as ever agitated the heart o' Ceafer himself!—and then, Sir, I changed my character entirely.—Sir, I bowed, and watched, and harkened, and lurked for intilligence, and ran about backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great Mon, till I got intill the very boowels of his confedence; and then, Sir, I wriggled, and wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled till I wriggled myself among the vary thick o' them, till I got my snack of the cloathing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery teeckets, and aw the poleetical bonusses—till at length, Sir, I became a much wealthier Mon, than one-half o' the golden calves I had been so long a boowing to—*(he rises, Egerton rises too.)* And was not that boowing to some purpose, Sir?—Ha!

Egert. It was indeed, Sir.

Sir Pert. But are you convinced of the gude effects, and of the uteelity of boowing?

Egert. Thoroughly, Sir, thoroughly.

Sir Pert. Sir, it is infaleeble—but, Chairles, ah! while I was thus boowing, and wriggling, and making
D a princely

a princely fortune—ah! I met many heart sores, and disappointments, frai the want of leeterature, ailoquence, and other popular abeelities—Sir, guin I could hai both spoken i' the house, I shou'd hai done the deed in half the time—boot the eenstant I opened my mouth there, they aw fell a laughing at me—aw whach deefeciencies, Sir, I determined at any expence till hai supplied by the polished education of a Son, who, I hoped, wou'd yean day, raise the hoouse of Mac Sycophant till the highest pannicle of meeneesterial ambeetion.—This, Sir, is my plan, I hai done my part of it, nature has done hers—Ye are ailoquent, ye are popular—aw parties like ye—and noow, Sir, it only remains for ye to be directed—completion follows.

Egert. Your liberality, Sir, in my education, and the judicious choice you made of the worthy Gentleman, to whose virtues and abilities you entrusted me, are obligations I shall ever remember, with the deepest filial gratitude.

Sir Pert. Vary weel, Sir—vary weel—but, Chairles, hai ye haid any conversation yet we Lady Rodolpha, about the day of your marriage, your laveries, your equeepage, or your establisment?

Egert. Not yet, Sir.

Sir Pert. Pah! why, there again noow—ye are wrong, vary wrong.

Egert. Sir, we have not had an opportunity.

Sir Pert. Why, Chairles, ye are very tardy in this business.

(Lord Lumbercourt sings without, flushed with wine.)

“What have we with day to do—

“Sons of care 'twas made for you.”

Sir Pert. O! here comes my Lord.

L. Lumb. (Sings without.) “Sons of care 'twas made for you.”

Enter

Enter Lord Lumbercourt, drinking a cup of Coffee, Tomlins waiting with a Sakver.

L. Lumb. "Sons of care 'twas made for you."—Very good coffee indeed, Mr. Tomlins.—Here, Mr. Tomlins. *(Gives the cup)*

Tom. Will your Lordship please to have another dish?

L. Lumb. No, thank ye, Mr. Tomlins.—*[Exit Tomlins.]*—Well, my host of Scotch pints, we have had warm work.

Sir Pert. Yes, you pushed the bottle about my Lord wi the joy and veegar of a bacchanal.

L. Lumb. That I did, my dear Mac—no loss of time with me—I have but three motions old boy—charge—toast—fire, and off we go—ha! ha! ha! that's my exercise.

Sir Pert. And fine warm exercise it is, my Lord, especially with the half pint bumpers.

L. Lumb. Zounds! it does execution point blank, Ay, ay, none of your pipping acorn glasses for me, but your manly, old English half pint bumpers my dear.—Zounds! Sir, they try a fellow's stamina at once—But where's Egerton?

Sir Pert. Just at hand, my Lord—there he stands, looking at your Lordship's picture.

L. Lumb. My dear Egerton!—

Egert. Your Lordship's most obedient.

L. Lumb. I beg pardon, I did not see you—I am sorry you left us so soon after dinner—had you staid, you would have been highly entertained, I have made such examples of the Commissioner, the Captain, and the Colonel.

Egert. So I understand, my Lord.

L. Lumb. But, Egerton, I have slipt from company for a few moments on purpose to have a little chat with you. Rodolpha tells me, she fancies there is a kind of demur on your side, about your marriage with her.

Sir Pert. A demur; how so my Lord?

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L. Lumb. Why, as I was drinking my coffee with the women just now, I desired they would fix the wedding night, and the etiquette of the ceremony upon which the girl burst into a loud laugh telling me she supposed I was joking, for that Mr. Egerton had never yet given a single glance or hint upon the subject.

Sir Pert. My Lord, I have just now been talking till him about his shyness till the Lady.

Enter Tomlins.

Tom. Counsellor Plausible is come, Sir, and Sergeant Eitherside.

Sir Pert. Why then we can settle the business this very evening, my Lord.

L. Lumb. As well as in seven years—and to make the way as short as possible, pray Master Tomlins, present your Master's compliments and mine to Lady Rodolpha, and let her Ladyship know we wish to speak with her directly.—[*Exit Tomlins.*]—He shall attack her this instant, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. Ay, this is doing business effectually, my Lord.

L. Lumb. O! we will pit them in a moment, Sir Pertinax. That will bring them into the heat of the action at once, and save a deal of awkwardness on both sides.—O! here your Dulcinea comes.

Enter Lady Rodolpha singing, a Music Book in her Hand.

L. Rodol. I have been learning this air of Constantia; I protest her touch on the harpsichord is quite brilliant, and really her voice not amiss.—Weel, Sir Pertinax, I attend your commands, and your's my paternal Lord.—(*She curtsies very low, and my Lord bows very low, and answers her in the same tone and manner.*)

L. Lumb. Why then, my filial Lady, we are to inform you, that the commission for your Ladyship, and this enamoured Cavalier, commanding you jointly and separately

eparately to serve your country, in the honourable and forlorn hope of matrimony, is to be signed this very evening.

L. Rodol. This evening, my Lord!

L. Lumb. This evening, my Lady—come Sir Pertinax, let us leave them to settle their liveries, wedding suits, carriages, and all their amorous equipage for the nuptial camp.

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! excellent, excellent—well I vow, my Lord, ye are a great officer, this is as gude a manœuver to bring on a rapid engagement as the ablest General of them aw could ha! started.

L. Lumb. Ay, leave them together; they'll soon come to a right understanding, I warrant you, or the needle and the load-stone have lost their sympathy.

[*Exit L. Lumb. and Sir Pert.*]

[*Lady Rodolpha stands at that side of the stage where Sir Pertinax and Lord Lumbercourt went off in amazement—Egerton is at the opposite side, who, after some anxious emotions, settles into a deep reflection.*]

L. Rodol. (Aside) Why this is downright tyranny. It has quite damped my speerits, and my betrothed yonder, seems planet struck too, I think.

Egert. (Aside) A whimsical situation mine:

L. Rodol. (Aside) Ha! ha! ha! methinks we luock like a couple of cautious Generals, that are obliged till take the field, but neither of us seems willing till come till action.

Egert. (Aside) I protest, I know not how to address her.

L. Rodol. He weel nai advance, I see—what am I to do in this affair? gude traith, I weel even do as I suppose many brave heroes ha! done before me, clap a gude face upon the matter, and so conceal an aching heart, under a swaggering countenance (*aside*) (*as she advances, she mocks and points at him, and smothers a laugh.*) Sir, as we ha!, by the commands of our gude fathers, a business of some little consequence till transact, I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty of my recommending—a chair till you, for the repose

of your body, in the embarrassed deliberation of your perturbed spirit.

Egert. (Greatly embarrassed.) Madam, I beg your pardon (*hands her a chair, then one for himself*) Please to sit, Madam. (*They sit down with great ceremony, she sits down first, he sits at a distance from her, silent some time, he coughs, hems, and adjusts himself, she mimics him.*)

L. Rodol. (Aside) Aha, he's resolved not to come too near till me, I think.

Egert. (Aside) A pleasant interview this—hem—hem.

L. Rodol. (Aside) Hem, he will not open the congress I see—then I weel (*very loud*) come, Sir!—when will you begin?—

Egert. (Greatly surprised) Begin! what, Madam?

L. Rodol. To make love till me.

Egert. Love, Madam!

L. Rodol. Ay, love, Sir!—why you hai never said a word till me yet upon the subject—nor cast a single glance at me, nor heaved one tender sigh, nor even secretly squeezed my loof.—Now, Sir, tho' our fathers are so tyrannical, as to dispose of us without the consent of our hearts, yet you, Sir, I hope, hai mair humanity, than to think of marrying me, without admanistering some o' preleemeenaries usual on these occasions, if not till my understanding and sentiments, yet till the vanity o' my sex at least—I hope you weel pay some leetle treebute of ceremony and adulation—that, I think, I hai a right to expect.

Egert. Madam, I own your reproach is just, I shall therefore no longer disguise my sentiments, but fairly let you know my heart.

L. Rodol. (Starts up and runs to him.) Ah! ye are right, ye are right, cousin—honestly and affectionately right—that's what I like of aw things in my swain—ay, ay, cousin, open your heart frankly, till me as a true loover should.—But sit ye down—I shall return your frankness and your passion—Cousin, we aw melting tenderness equal to the amorous enthusiasm of an antient hereine.

Egert.

Egert. Madam, if you will hear me.

L. Rodol. But remember ye must begin with fervency, and a most rapturous vehemence, for ye are to consider, Cousin, that our match is nai till arise frai the union of hearts, and a long decorum of ceremonious courtship; but is instantly till start at yeance out of neccessitey or mere acceident. Ha! ha! ha!—like a match in an antient Romance—where ye ken, Cousin, the Knight and the Damsel are mutually smitten and dying for each other, at first sight, or by an amorous sympathy, before they exchange a single glance.

Egert. Dear Madam, you entirely mistake.

L. Rodol. And our faithers, ha! ha! ha! our faithers are to be the dark mageecians that are till fascinate our hearts, and conjure us till gether whether we weel or not.

Egert. Ridiculous!

L. Rodol. So, noow Cousin, wi the true romantic enthusiasm, ye are till suppose me the Lady o' the Enchanted Castle—and ye—ha! ha! ha!—ye are to be the Knight o' the sorrowful countenance—ha! ha! ha!—and, upon honour, you luock the character admirably—ha! ha! ha!

Egert. Trifling creature!

L. Rodol. Come, Sir—why do ye no begin to ravish me—wi your valor, your voows, your knight-errantry, and your amorous frenzy; nay, nay, Cousin, guid ye do no begin at yeance, the Lady o' the Enchanted Castle weel vanish in a twinkling.

Egert. Lady Rodolpha, I know your talent for raillery well; but at present in my case, there is a kind of cruelty in it.

L. Rodol. Raillery! upon honour, Cousin, ye mistake me quite and clean—I am serious, very serious, ay, and have cause till be serious—nay, I weel submit my case even till yourself; (*begins to wbine*) can any poor lossy be in a mair lamentable condition than to be sent four hundred miles by the commands of a positive Grandmaither, till marry a man who, I find, has nai mair

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mair affection for me, than if I had been his wife these seven years.

Egert. Madam, I am extremely sorry —

L. Rodol. But it is vary weel, Cousin, vary weel—*(cries and sobs)*—I see your unkindness and aversion plain enough, and, Sir, I must tell you fairly, ye are the ainly man that ever slighted my person, or that drew tears fra these een—but it is vary weel—it's vary weel—*(cries)*—I weel return till Scotland to-morrow morning, and let my Grandmaither know how I hai been affronted by your flights, your contempts, and your aversions.

Egert. If you are serious, Madam, your distress gives me a deep concern; but affection is not in our power, and when you know that my heart is irrevocably given to another woman, I think your understanding and good-nature, will not only pardon my past coldness and neglect of you, but forgive, when I tell you, I never can have that honour which is intended me—by a connection with your Ladyship.

L. Rodol. How, Sir, are ye serious?

Egert. *(Rises)* Madam, I am too deeply interested, both as a man of honour and a lover, to act otherwise with you on so tender a subject.

L. Rodol. And so you persist in slighting me?—it's vary weel.

Egert. I beg your pardon, Madam, but I must be explicit, and at once declare, that I never can give my hand—when I cannot give my heart.

L. Rodol. Why then, Sir, I must tell ye, that your declaration is sic an affront as nai woman of speerit can, or ought to bear—and here I make a solemn voow never till pardon it—but on yean condition.

Egert. If that condition be in my power, Madam.—

L. Rodol. Sir, it is i' your poower.

Egert. Then, Madam, you may command me.

L. Rodol. Why then, Sir, the condection is this, ye must here give me your honour, that nay importunity, command, or menace o' your faither—in fine, that nai consideration whatever, shall induce you to take me Redolpha Lumburcourt till be your wedded wife.

Egert.

Egert. Madam, I most solemnly promise, I never will.

L. Rodol. And I, Sir, in my turn, most solemnly and sincerely thank you for your resolution (*curtseys*) and your agreeable aversion—ha! ha! ha! for ye hai made me as happy—as a poor wretch reprieved in the vary instant of intanded execution.

Egert. Pray, Madam, how am I to understand all this?

L. Rodol. Sir, your frankness and sincerity demand the same behaviour on my side—therefore, without feather disguise or ambiguity, know, Sir, that I myself, am as deeply smitten, wi a certain swain, as I understand ye are wi your Constantia.

Egert. Indeed, Madam!

L. Rodol. O! Sir, notwithstanding aw my shew of mirth and courage, here I stand as errant a trembling Thisbe as ever sighed or mourned for her Pearamus.—O! Sir, all my extravagant levety and redeeculous behaviour in your presence, noow, and ever since your faither prevailled on mine to consent till this match, has been a premeditated scheme, to provoke your gravity and gude sense intill a cordial disgust and positive refusal.

Egert. Madam, you have contrived, and acted your scheme most happily.

L. Rodol. Then since Cupid has thus luockeely disposed of ye till your Constantia, and me till my swain, we hai naithing till think of noow, Sir, but to contrive hoow to reduce the inordinate passions of oor parents intill a temper of prudence and humanity.

Egert. Most willingly I consent to your proposal; but with your leave, Madam, if I may presume so far, pray who is your lover?

L. Rodol. Why, in that too I shall surprise you perhaps mere than ever—In the first place, he is a beggar, and in disgrace wi an unforgiving Faither—and in the next place, Sir, he is (*curtseys*) your ain Brother.

Egert. Is it possible?

L. Rodol. A most amorous truth, Sir; that is as far as a woman can answer for her ain heart; so you see

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see cousin Chairles, that I could nai mingle affections we ye, I hai ne ganged oot o' the family.

Egert. Madam, give me leave to congratulate myself upon your affection—you could not have placed it on a worthier object, and whatever is to our chance in this lottery of our parents, be assured, that my fortune shall be devoted to your happiness and his.

L. Rodol. Generous indeed, Cousin, but not awhit nobler, I assure you; than your brother Sandy believes of you; and be assured, Sir, that we shall remember it, while the heart feels, or memory retains a sense of gratitude.—But noow, Sir, let me ask one question—pray how is your Mother affected in this business?

Egert. She knows of my passion, and will, I am sure, be a friend to the common cause.

L. Rodol. Ah! that's lucky; our first step then must be to take her advice in our conduct, so as to keep our faithers in the dark, till we can hit off some measure, that wee'll wind them aboot till oor ain purpose, and the common interest of our ain passion.

Egert. You are very right, Madam, for should my father suspect my brother's affection for your Ladyship, or mine for Constantia, there is no guessing what would be the consequence; his whole happiness depends upon this bargain with my Lord, for it gives him the possession of three boroughs, and those, Madam, are much dearer to him, than the happiness of his children; I am sorry to say it, but to gratify his political rage, he would sacrifice every social tie that is dear to friend or family.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Sir Pertinax and Counsellor Plausible

Sir Pert. NO—no—come away Counsellor Plausible—come away, I say—let them chew upon it—let them chew

chew upon it.—Why Counsellor, did you ever hear so impertinant, so meddling, and so obstinate a block-head, as that Serjeant Eitherside? Confound the fellow, he has put me out of aw temper.

Plaus. He is very positive, indeed, Sir Pertinax, and no doubt, was intemperate and rude—But, Sir Pertinax, I would not break off the match notwithstanding; for certainly, even without the boroughs, it is a very advantageous bargain to you, and your son.

Sir Pert. But zoons, Plausible, do you think I will gee up the nomination till three boroughs? Why, I would rather gee him twenty, aw thirty thousand pounds in any either point of the bargain, especially at this juncture, when votes are likely to become invaluable? Why mon, if a certain affair comes on, they'll rise above five hundred per cent.

Plaus. You judge very rightly, Sir Pertinax, but what shall we do in this case? For Mr. Serjeant insists, that you positively agreed to my Lords having the nomination to the three boroughs, during his own life.

Sir Pert. Why, yes, in the first sketch of the agreement, I believe I did consent, but at that time, mon, my Lords affairs did not appear to be half so desperate, as I now find they turn out—Sir, he must be acquiesce in whatever I demand—For I hai gotten him into sic an hobble, that he canno exeeft without me.

Plaus. No doubt, Sir Pertinax, you have him absolutely in your power.

Sir Pert. Vary weel, and ought not a mon to make his vantage of it?

Plaus. No doubt you ought—no matter of doubt.—But, Sir Pertinax, there is a secret spring in this business, that you do not seem to perceive, and which I am afraid, governs the matter respecting these boroughs.

Sir Pert. What spring do you mean, Counsellor?

Plaus. Why Serjeant Eitherside, I have some reason to think that my Lord is tied down by some means or other to bring the Serjeant in the very first vacancy for one of those boroughs—now that I believe is the
sole

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sole motive, why the Serjeant is so very strenuous, that my Lord should keep the boroughs in his own power, fearing that you might reject him, for some man of your own.

Sir Pert. Odds wounds, and deeth, Plausible—ye are cleever—deevilish cleever—by the blood, ye hai hit upon the vary streeng, that hais made aw this discord—I see it—I see it now—But haud—haud—bide a wee bit—a wee bit mon—I hai a thought come in till my head—Yas, I think noow Plausible wee a little care in our negotiation, that this vary string properly tuned may be still made to produce the harmony we wish for, yes, yes; I hai it. This Serjeant I see uderstonds business, and if I am not mistaken knows how till take a hint.

Plaus. O! nobody better, Sir Pertinax—nobody better.

Sir Pert. Why then, Plausible, the short road is always the best wee sie a mon ye must even come up to his mark at yeance, and assure him frae me, that I weell secure him a seat for yeon of these vary boroughs.

Plaus. O that will do, Sir Pertinax—that will do, I'll answer for it.

Sir Pert. And further, I beg ye weell let him know that I think myself oblig'd till conseeder him in this affair als acting for me, als weell als for my Lord, als a common friend till baith, and for the service he has already done us, make my special compliments till him, and pray let this amicable bit of paper, be my faithfull advocate till convince him of what my gratitude further intends, for his great (*gives a bank bill*) equity in adjusting this agreement betweext my Lords family and mine.

Plaus. Ha! ha! ha! Sir Pertinax, upon my word this is noble—ay, ay, this is an eloquent bit of paper indeed.

Sir Pert. Maister Plausible in aw human dealings the most effectual method is that of ganging at yeance, till the vary bottom of a mons heart, for if we expect that men should serve us, we must first win their affections, by serving them—Oh, here they baith come.

Enter

Enter Lord Lumbercourt, and Serjeant Eitherfide.

L. Lum. My dear Sir Pertinax, what could provoke you to break off this business so abruptly? You are really wrong in the point, and if you will give yourself time to recollect, you will find that my having the nomination to the boroughs for my life, was a preliminary article—and I appeal to Mr. Serjeant Eitherfide here, whether I did not always understand so.

Serj. Either. I assure you, Sir Pertinax, that in all his Lordship's conversation with me upon this business, and in his positive instructions, both he and I, always understood the nomination to be in my Lord, *durante vitæ*.

Sir Pert. Why then, my Lord, to shorten the dispute, all I can say in answer to your Lordship is, that there has been a total mistake between us in that point, and therefore the treaty must end here—I give it up—Oh! I wash my hands of it for ever.

Plaus. Well, but Gentlemen, Gentlemen, a little patience—sure this mistake, somehow or other, may be rectified. Mr. Serjeant, prithee let you and I step into the next room by ourselves, and re-consider the clause relative to the boroughs, and try if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serj. Either. (*With great warmth.*) Mr. Plausible, I have considered the clause fully, and am entirely master of the question. My Lord cannot give up the point without an equivalent.

Plaus. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Serjeant and me to retire a few moments to re-consider the points?

Sir Pert. Wee all my heart and faul, Maister Plausible—ainy thing till accommodate your Lordship, ainy thing—ainy thing.

Plaus. What say you, my Lord?

L. Lum. Nay, I submit it intirely to you, and Mr. Serjeant.

Plaus. Come, Mr. Serjeant, let us retire.

E

L. Lum.

L. Lum. Ay, ay, go Mr. Serjeant, and hear what Mr. Plaustible has to say however.

Serj. Eitber. Nay, I will wait on Mr. Plaustible, my Lord, with all my heart, but I am sure I cannot suggest the shadow of a reason for altering my present opinion!—Impossible!—Impossible!

Plaus. Well, well, do not be positive, Mr. Serjeant, do not be positive—I am sure reason, and your client's conveniency, will always make you alter your opinion.

Serj. Eitber. Ay, ay, reason, and my client's conveniency, Mr. Plaustible, will always controul my opinion, depend upon it—Ay, ay, there you are right.—Sir, I attend you. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*]

Sir Pert. I am sorry, my Lord, extremely sorry, indeed, that this mistake has happened.

L. Lum. Upon my honour so am I, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. But come now—after all, your Lordship must allow ye hai been i' the wrong; come, my dear Lord, you must allow that now.

L. Lum. How so—my dear Sir Pertinax?

Sir Pert. Not about the boroughs, my Lord, for those I do not mind a bawbee, but about your distrust of my friendship; why do you think now (I appeal to your ain breast, my Lord) do you think, my Lord, that I should ever hai refused, or slighted your Lordship's nomination to these boroughs?

L. Lum. Why really I don't think you would, Sir Pertinax, but we must be directed by our Lawyers you know.

Sir Pert. Hah! my Lord, Lawyers are a dangerous species of animals till hai dependance on—they are awways starting punctilios, and diffeecultys among friends, why, my dear Lord, it is their interest that aw mankind should be at variance, for disagreement is the vary manure wee which they enrich and fatten the land of leeteegation, and as they find that that constantly promotes the best crop, depend upon it, they will always be sure to lay it on as thick as they can.

L. Lum. Come, come, my dear Sir Pertinax, you must not be angry with Mr. Serjeant for his insifiting so strongly

strongly on this point—for those boroughs, you know, are my sheet anchor.

Sir Pert. I know it, my Lord—and as an instance of my promptness to study, and my acquiescence till your Lordship's inclinations, as I see that this Serjeant Eitherside wishes you weell, and ye him, I think now he wou'd be as gude a mon to be returned for yeane of these boroughs as could be pitched upon; and as such, I humbly recommend him to your Lordship's consideration.

L. Lum. Why, my dear Sir Pertinax, to tell you the truth, I have already promised him—he must be in for one of them, and that is one reason why I insisted so strenuously—He must be in.

Sir Pert. And why not—Odzoons! why not?—Is nai your word a fiat, and wall it not be always so to me—Are ye nai my friend—my patron—and are we nai by this match of our cheeldren, to be united intill one interest?

L. Lum. So I understand it, I own, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. My Lord, it can be no otherwise—then, for Heaven's sake, as your Lordship and I can have but one interest for the future, let us hai nai mare words about these paltry boroughs, but conclude the agreement at yeance. just as it stands, otherwise there must be new writings drawn, new consultation of Lawyers, new objections, and delays will arise, creditors will be impatient, and impertinant; so that wee shall nai finish the Lord knows when.

L. Lum. You are right—you are right—say no more, Mac—say no more—split the Lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster-hall could—It shall stand as it is—Yes, it shall be settled your own way, for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly.

Sir Pert. No doubt of it, my Lord.

L. Lum. O, here the Lawyers come—so Gentlemen—well, what have ye done?—How are your opinions now?

Enter Plausible, and Serjeant Either-side.

Serj. Either. My Lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me—fully convinced me.

Plaus. Yes, my Lord, I have convinced him—I have laid such arguments before Mr. Serjeant, as were irresistible.

Serj. Either. He has indeed, my Lord—besides, as Sir Pertinax gives his honour, that your Lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed; why, upon a nearer review of the whole affair, I think it will be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn.

L. Lum. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Serjeant, because that is my opinion too.—So, my dear Either-side, do you and Plausible dispatch the business now, as soon as possible.

Serj. Either. My Lord, every thing will be ready for signing in less than an hour; come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.

Plaus. I attend you, Mr. Serjeant.

[Exeunt Lawyers.]

L. Lum. And while the Lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the women.

Sir Pert. Do—do my Lord—and I wull come till you presently.

L. Lum. Very well, my dear Mac—I shall expect you.

[Exit singing Sons of Care.]

Sir Pert. (Alone.) So, a leetle flattery, mixed wee the finesse of a gilded promise on one side, and a quantum sufficit of the aurum palpabile on the other, hai at last made me the happiest father in Great Breetain.—Hah! my heart expands itself as it were thro' every part of my whole body, at the completion of this buseness, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation.—Haud—haud—bide a wee! bide a wee! I hai yean leetle maiter mair in this affair till adjust, and then, Sir Pertinax, ye may dictate till fortune hersel, and

and send her till govern seals, while ye shew, and convince the world that wisemen awways govern her.—
Wha's there?—

Enter Footman.

Sir Pert. Tell my son Egerton, I waid speak wi him here i' the Library—[*Exit Footman.*—] Now I hai settled the grand point wee my Lord, this, I think, is the proper juncture till feel the poleetical pulse of my spark, and yeance for aw, till set it to the exact measure that I would hai it constantly beat.

Enter Egerton.

Come hither, Chairles.

Egert. Your pleasure, Sir?

Sir Pert. About twa hoors since I told you, Chairles, that I received this letter express, complaining of your brother's acteevery at an election i' the North, against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence; and, Sir, ye are mentioned in the letter as well as he; to be plain, I must roundly tell you, that upon this interview depends my happiness as a man, and a faither, and my affection till ye, Sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

Egert. I hope, Sir, I shall never do any thing either to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

Sir Pert. I hope so too—but to the point—the fact is this—there has been a motion made, this very day, to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday sen'night.—Noow, Sir, as ye are popular, hai talents, and are weel heard, it is expected, and I insist on it, that ye endeavour till attone for your past misconduct by preparing, and taking a large share in that question, and supporting it wee aw your power.

Egert. Sir, I have always divided as you directed, except on one occasion,—never voted against your friends, only in that affair, but, Sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence, as to insist upon my supporting a measure, by an obvious prostituted sophistry.

in direct opposition to my character, and to my own conscience.

Sir Pert. Conscience! Why ye are mad!—Did ye ever hear any mon talk of conscience in poleetical maiters?—Conscience, quotha!—I have been in Parliament these three and thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before.—Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and ye weel be laughed at for it—therefore, I desire ye wull not offer till impose upon me wee such phantoms, but let me know your reason for thus slighting my friends, and disobeying my commands.—Sir, give me an immediate, and precise answer.

Egert. Then, Sir, I must frankly tell you, that you work against my nature, you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor, would make me a devoted slave to selfish leaders, who have no friendship but in faction, no merit but in corruption, nor interest in any measure but their own, and to such men I cannot submit.—For know, Sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men, I detest.

Sir Pert. What are you about, Sir? malignant ferment, and venal ambition! every mon should be ambeetious till serve his country, and every mon should be rewarded for it.—And pray, Sir, would ye not weesh to serve your country? I say, Sir, would ye not weesh to serve your country?

Egert. Only show me how I may serve my country, and my life is her's; were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes, or could my eloquence pull down a state Leviathan, mighty with the plunder of his country, black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to a free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act it with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit.

Sir Pert. Vary weel, Sir!—the fellow is beside himself.

Egert.

Egert. But to be a common barker at envied power, to beat the drum of faction, and sound the trumpet of insidious patriotism—only to displace a rival—or to be a servile voter in proud corruption's filthy train, to market out my voice, my reason, and my trust, to the party broker who best can promise or pay for prostitution!—These, Sir, are services my nature abhors—for they are such a malady to every kind of virtue, as must, in time, destroy the fairest constitution, that ever wisdom framed, or virtuous liberty fought for!

Sir Pert. Why ye are mad, Sir!—Ye hai certainly been bit by some mad whig or other.—Ah! ye are vary young—vary young in these matters; but, experience wull convince you, Sir, that every man in public business has twa consciences, a releegious, and a poleetical conscience. Why, you see a merchant, noow, or a shopkeeper, or a lawyer, that kens the science of the world, awways luocks upon an oath in a custom-house, or behind a coounter, or in a Chancery suit, only as an oath in business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that hais naithing till do wee releegion, and just so it is at an election—for instance, noow—I am a candidate, pray observe—and I gang till a perreewig-maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give him ten, twenty, or thraty guineas for a perreewig, hat, or a pair of hose, so on through a majority of votes—vary weel, what is the consequence? Why this you see begets a commercial intercourse, begets friendship betwixt us, and in a day or two these men gang, and give me their suffrages.—Noow, pray, Sir, can ye, or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, caw this a bribe? hai, Sir? in fair poleetical reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the ain side, and gratitude on the other—So, Sir, let me hai nai mair of your releegious or philosophical refinements; but prepare, attend, and speak to the question, or ye are nai son of mine; Sir, I insist on it.

Enter

Enter Sam.

Sam. Sir, my Lord says the writings are now ready, and his Lordship, and the Lawyers, are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir Pert. Vary weel—we'll attend his Lordship.—
[*Exit Sam.*—] I tell you, Chairles, aw this conscientious refinement in poleetics, is downright ignorance, and impracticable romance; and, Sir, I desire I may hear no more of it. Come, Sir, let us gang doon, and dispatch the business. (*Going, is stoppt by Egerton.*)

Egert. Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear me a word or two upon this subject.

Sir Pert. Weell, Sir, what waid ye say?

Egert. I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match.

Sir Pert. How, Sir?

Egert. But my respect, and fear of disobliging you, Sir, kept me silent.

Sir Pert. Your aversion!—your aversion, Sir!—How dare ye use sic language to me? Your aversion! Luock you, Sir, I shall cut the maitter short—confeeder my fortune is nai inheritance, 'tis aw my ain acquiesceetion—I can make ducks and drakes of it—so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Egert. I beg your pardon, Sir, but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir Pert. Hoow! another woman! and you villain how dare you love another woman weethout my leave? But what other woman? What is she? Speak, Sir—
speak——

Egert. Constantia.

Sir Pert. Constantia! O! ye profligate! What! a creature taken in for charity?

Egert. Her poverty is not her crime, Sir, but her misfortune. Her birth is equal to the noblest, and virtue, though covered with a village garb, is virtue still, and of more worth to me than all the splendor
of

of ermined pride, or redundant wealth, and therefore,
Sir ———

Sir Pert. Haud your jaubbering, ye villain!—
haud your jaubbering—none of your romance, or re-
finement till me—I hai but yean question to ask ye—
but yean question, and then hai done wee ye for ever—
for ever—therefore, think before ye answer—Wee'll
ye marry the Lady? or wee'll ye break my heart?

Egert. Sir, my presence shall not offend you any
longer—but when reason and reflection take their turn,
I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for
this unpaternal passion. (*Going away*)

Sir Pert. Tarry, I command ye!—and I command
ye likewise, not to stir till ye hai given me an answer,
a definitive answer, wull you marry the Lady, or wull
ye not?

Egert. Since you command me, Sir, know then,
that I cannot, will not marry her. [*Exit Egerton.*]

Sir Pert. O! the villain has shot me through the
head!—he has cut my vitals!—I shall run distracted!
The fellow destroys aw my measures—aw my schemes
—there never was sic an a bargain, as I hai made with
this feulish Lord—possession of his whole estate, wee'
three boroughs upon it—sax members—why—what
an acqeeffection?—what consequence!—what dig-
nity!—what weight till the house of Mac Sycophant!
O! dom the fellow!—three boroughs, only for send-
ing down sax broomsticks.—O! meeseerable! meeseer-
able! ruined! undone!—For these five and thraty
years, since this fellow came intill the world, I have
been secretly preparing him for the seat of ministeerial
dignity; and wee the fellow's ailoquence, abeelitys,
popularity, these boroughs, and proper connections,
he might certainly in a leetle time hai done the deed.—
And sure naver—naver—were times so favorable—
avery thing conspires, for aw the auld poleetical post-
horses are broken winded, and foundered, and canno
get on, and as till the rising generations, the vanity of
surpassing yean another, in what they feulishly call
taste, and ailegance, binds them hond and foot in the
chains of luxury, whach wull awways set them up till
the

the best beedder, so that if they can but get wherewithall till supply their dissipation, a meenister may convert the poleetical morals of aw such voluptuaries intill a vote that would sell the nation till Prester John, and their boasted liberties to the great Mogul. And this opportunity I shall lose, by my son's marrying a virtuous beggar for love.—O! confound her virtue! it will drive me distracted! [Exit.

A C T V.

Enter Sir Pertinax, and Betty.

Sir Pert. COME this way, girl—come this way—you are a gude girl, and I'll reward you for this discovery—O! the villain! offer her marriage!

Bet. It is true indeed, Sir—I wou'd not tell your honour a lie for the world; but, in troth, it lay upon my conscience, and I thought it my duty to tell your Worship.

Sir Pert. Ye are right—ye are right—it was your duty to tell me, and I'll reward you for it; but, you say, Maister Sidney is in love we her too—Pray hoow come ye by that intelligence?

Bet. O, Sir, I know when folks are in love, let them strive to hide it as much as they will—I know it by Mr. Sidney's eyes, when I see him stealing a fly side look at her—by his trembling—his breathing short—his sighing, when they are reading together; besides, Sir, he made love verses upon her in praise of her virtue, and her playing upon the music—Ay, and I suspect another thing, Sir—she has a sweet-heart if not a husband, not far from hence.

Sir Pert. Wha! Constantia!

Bet. Ay, Constantia, Sir—Lord, I can know the whole affair, Sir, only for sending over to Hadley,

to

to Farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir Pert. Then send this minute, and get me a particular account of it.

Bet. That I will, Sir.

Sir Pert. In the mean time, keep a' strict watch upon Constantia, and be sure you bring me word of whatever new maiter ye can pick up about her, my son, or this Hadley husband, or sweet-heart.

Bet. Never fear, Sir.

[*Exit Betty.*]

Sir Pert. This love of Sidney's, for Constantia, is not unlikely—there is something promising in it—yas, I think it is nai impossible till convert it intill a special and immediate advantage—it 'is but trying—Wha's there?—if it misses, I am but where I was.

Enter Tomlins.

Where is Maister Sidney?

Tom. In the drawing room, Sir.

Sir Pert. Tell him I would speak with him — [*Exit Tomlins.*]—'Tis more than probable—spare till spake, and spare till speed—try—try—awways try the human heart—try is as gude a maxim in poleetics as in war.—Why, suppose this Sidney noow, should be privy to his friend Chairles's love for Constantia—what then?—gude traith it is natural till think, that his ain love will demand the preference—ay, obtain it too—yas, yas, self—self is an ailoquent advocate on these occasions, and seldom loses his cause. I hai the general principle o' human nature at least till encourage me in the expereement, for only make it a mon's interest till be a rascal, and I think we may safely depend upon his integreety in serving himself.

Enter Sidney.

Sid. Sir Pertinax, your servant—Mr. Tomlins told me you desired to speak with me.

Sir Pert. Yas, I wanted till speak to ye, upon a vary singular business—Maister Sidney, gi me your hand—

hand—guin it did not luook like flattery, which I detest, I would tell 'ye, Maister Sidney, that ye are an honour till your cloth, your country, and till human nature.

Sid. You are very obliging.

Sir Pert. Sit ye doon here, Maister Sidney—sit ye doon by me, my friend, I am under the greatest obligations till ye, for the care ye have taken of Chairles—the preenceples, releegious, moral, and poleetical, that ye hai infused intill him, demand the warmest return of gratitude, baith frai him, and frai me.

Sid. Your approbation, Sir, next to that of my own conscience, is the best test of my endeavours, and the highest applause they can receive.

Sir Pert. Sir, ye deserve—richly deserve it—and noow, Sir, the same care that ye hai had of Chairles, the same my wife hai taken of her favourite Constantia, and sure never were accomplishments, knowledge, or preenciples, social and releegious, infused into a better nature than Constantia.

Sid. In truth, Sir, I think so too.

Sir Pert. She is besides, a Gentlewoman of as good a family as any o' this country.

Sid. So I understand, Sir.

Sir Pert. Her faither had a vast estate, which he dissipated and melted in feastings, and friendships, and chareeties, and hospitalities, and sic kind of nonsense—but the business, Maister Sidney—I love ye, yas, I love ye, and hai been luocking oot, and contriving hoow till settle ye in the world. Sir, I want to see you comfortably and honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family, and guin ye were my ain son a thoosand times, I could nai make a mair valuable present till ye for that purpose, as a pairtner for life, than this same Constantia, wi sic a fortune doown we her, as ye yoursel shall deem till be competent; ay, and an assurance of every cannonical conteengency in my poower till confer or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly; but tho' the highest station would derive lustre from Constantia's charms and worth; yet, were she more
amiable

amiable than love cou'd paint her in the lover's fancy, and wealthy beyond the thirst of misers appetite. I cou'd not—wou'd not wed her!—(*Rises.*)

Sir Pert. Not wed her! Odswins mon, ye surprise me! why so, what hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal—but briefly and finally it cannot be—nor is it a subject I can talk longer upon.

Sir Pert. Weel, Sir, I hai done—I hai done—sit doon mon—sit doon again, sit ye doon—I shall mention it no more—not but I must confess honestly till ye, friend Sidney. that the match, had ye approved of my proposal, besides profiting, ye, would have been of singular service till me likewise; however, ye may still serve me as effectually as if ye had married her.

Sid. Then, Sir, I am sure I will most heartily.

Sir Pert. I believe it, I believe it, friend Sidney, and I thank ye—I hai nai friend till depend upon but—yourself—my heart is awmost broke—I canno help these tears, and to tell ye the fact at yeance, your friend, Chairles, is struck we a most dangerous malady—a kind of insanity—and ye see I canno help weeping when I think of it.—In short, this Constantia, I am afraid has cast an evil eye upon him—do ye understand me?

Sid. Not very well, Sir.

Sir Pert. Why he is grievously smitten wi the love o' her, and I am afraid will never be cured without a leetle of your assestance.

Sid. Of my assistance, pray, Sir, in what manner?

Sir Pert. In what mainer! Lord, Maister Sidney, why hoow can ye be so dull, why hoow is any mon cured of his love till a wench, but by ganging till bed till her—Now do you understand me?

Sid. Perfectly, Sir—perfectly.

Sir Pert. Gude friend, gain ye wou'd but gai him that hint, and take an opportunity till spake a gude word for him, till the wench, and guin ye would likewise cast about a leetle now, and contrive till bring them together once—why in a few days after he would nai care a pinch of snuff for her.—(*Sidney starts*) What is the maitter we you mon? What the deevil gars ye start and look so astoned?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me!—In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness, which intitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir Pert. Indignity! wha' indignity do ye mean, Sir?—is asking ye till serve a friend we a wench an indignity?—Sir, am not I your patron and benefactor? Ha—

Sid. You are, Sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart, but the virtuous gratitude that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me in return, that the tutor's sacred function, or the social-virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitution.

Sir Pert. Hoow! what, Sir, d'ye dispute?—are ye nai my dependant? ha! and do you hesitate aboot an ordinary civility, which is praactees'd every day, by men and women of the first fashion, Sir—Sir, let me tell ye, however nice ye may be—there's nai a client aboot the court that wou'd nai jump at sic an opporuneety till oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, Sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust, for private lucre may be learned in your party schools; for when faction and public venality are taught as measures necessary to good government and general prosperity, there every vice is to be expected.

Sir Pert. O ho! O ho!—vary weel—vary weel!—fine slander upon meenisters—fine seduction against government—O! ye villain—ye—ye—ye are a black sheep, and I'll mark ye—I am glad ye shew yoursel—yas—yas—ye hai taken off the mask at last—ye hai been in my service for many years, and I never kenned your principles before.

Sid. Sir, you never affronted them before—if you had, you shou'd have—have—known them sooner.

Sir Pert. It's vary weel, I hai done wi ye—ay, ay—noow I can account for my son's conduct, his aversion till courts, till meenisters, levees, public business, and his deesobedience till my commands.—Ah, ye are a Judas!—a perseedious Judas!—ye hai ruined the morals of my son, ye villain, but I hai done we ye—however this I will prophecy at our pairting for your comfort—that guin you are so vary squeamish aboot bringing a lad and a lass together, or aboot doing sic an harmless innocent job for your patron, you'll never rise in the chuch.

Sid.

Sid. Tho' my conduct, Sir, shou'd not make me rise in her power, I am sure it will in her favour—in the favour of my own conscience too; and in the esteem of all worthy men! and that, Sir, is a power and dignity beyond what patrons or any minister can confer.

[*Exit Sidney.*]

Sir Pert. What a reegorous, saucy, stiff neck'd rascal it is!—I see my folly now—I am undone by my ain policy; this Sidney was the last mon that should hai been aboot my son—the fellow, indeed, hath given him preinciples that might hai done vary weel among the antient Romans, but are damn'd unfit for the modern Breetons.—Weel, guin I had a thousand sons, I never wou'd suffer yeane of your university bred fellows till be aboot a son of mine again; for they hai sic an a pride of leeterature, and character, and sic saucy English notion of leeberty continually fermenting in their thoughts, that a mon is never sure of them till he's a Beeshop. Now if I had a Frenchmon or a foreigner of any kind aboot my son, I could hai pressed him at yance untill my purpose, or hai kick'd the rascal oot of my house in a twinkling—but what am I to do? Zounds, he must nai marry this begear, I cannot fit doon tamely under that—stay—haud—a wee, by the blood I have it—yas, I hai hit upon 't, I'll hai the wench smuggled till the Highlands of Scotland to morrow morning—yas—yas—I'll hai her smuggled.

Enter Betty.

Bet. O! Sir, I have got the whole secret out!

Sir Pert. About what?—

Bet. About Miss Constantia, I have just had all the particulars from farmer Hilford's youngest daughter—Sukey Hilford!

Sir Pert. Weel, weel, but what is the story? Quick, quick, what is it?

Bet. Why, Sir, it is certain, that Mrs. Constantia has a sweetheart or a husband, a sort of a Gentleman, or Gentleman's Gentleman, they don't know which, that lodges at Gaffer Hodges's, and it is whispered all about the village, that she is withchild by him, for Sukey says, she saw them together last night in the dark walk, and Mrs. Constantia was all in tears.

64 THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

Sir Pert. Zooness! I am afraid this is too gude news to be true.

Bet. O! Sir, it is certainly true, for I myself have observed, that she has looked very pale for some time, and could not eat, and has qualms every hour of the day—yes, yes, Sir, depend upon it, she is breeding, as sure as my name is Betty Hint—besides, Sir, she has just written a letter to the gallant, and I have sent John the gardiner to her, who is to carry it to him to Hadley.—Now, Sir, if your Worship wou'd seize it—see—see—here John comes with the letter in his hand.

Sir Pert. Step you oot Betty, and leave the fellow to me.

Bet. I will, Sir.

[*Exit Betty.*]

Enter John, with a Packet and Letter.

John. There you go into my pocket, (*puts up the packet*) there's nobody in the library, so I'll e'en go thro' the short way—Let me see, what is the name? Mel—Metrill—O! no, Melville, at Gaffer Hodge's

Sir Pert. What letter is that, Sir?

John. Letter, Sir!

Sir Pert. Give it me.

John. And please you, Sir, it is not mine.

Sir Pert. Deliver it this instant, firrah, or I'll break your head.

John. There, there, your honour. (*Gives the letter to Sir Pertinax.*)

Sir Pert. Begone, rascal—this, I suppose, wull let us intill the whole business.—

John. (*Afide.*) You have got the letter old furly, but the paquet is safe in my pocket. I'll go and deliver that however; for I will be true to poor Mrs. Constantia, in spite of you. [*Exit John.*]

Sir Pert. (*Reads.*) Um, um, “And bless my eyes with the sight of you;” um, um, “throw myself into your dear arms”—Zounds this letter is invaluable! ah! ah! Madam—yas this will do—this will do I think—let me see how it is directed—*To Mr. Melville*—vary well.

Enter

Enter Betty.

O! Betty, you are an excellent wench—this letter is worth a million.

Bet. Is it as I suspected, Sir, to her gallant?

Sir Pert. It is, it is—bid Constantia pack oot of the house this instant—and let them get the chaise ready to carry her where she pleases—but first, send my wife and son hither.

Bet. I shall, Sir.

Sir Pert. Do so—begone.—[*Exit Betty.*—] Ah! Maister Chairless, I believe I shall cure you of your passion for a beggar noow—I think he cannot be so infatuated as till be a dupe till a detected strumpet—Let me see hoow am I till act noow? why, like a true poleetician, I must pretend most sincerity, when I intend most deceit.

Enter Lady Mac Sycophant, and Egerton.

Weel, Chairless, notwithstanding the meefery ye hai brought upon me, I hai sent for ye and your meither, in order to convince ye baith of my affection, and my readines till forgive, nay, and even till indulge your perverse passion; for since I find this Constantia has got hold of your heart, and that your meither and ye think, that ye can never be happy without her, why I'll nai longer oppose your inclinations.

Egert. Dear Sir, you snatch me from the sharpest misery—on my knees, let my heart thank you for this goodness.

L. Mac. Let me express my thanks too—and my joy—for had you not consented to his marriage here, we all should have been miserable.

Sir Pert. Weel, I am glad I hai found a way till please ye baith at last—but my dear Chairless, (*with paternal tendernefs*) suppose noow, that this spotless vestal, this wonder of vartue—this idol of your heart, shou'd be a conceal'd wanton after aw!

Egert. A wanton, Sir!

Sir Pert. Or shou'd have an engagement of marriage, or an intrigue wi another mon, and is only making a dupe of ye aw this time—I say, only suppose it, Chairless, what would become ye think of her?

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Egert. I shou'd think her the most deep, deceitful, and most subtil of her sex, and if possible, wou'd never think of her again.

Sir Pert. Wi ye gi me your honor o' that ?

Egert. Most solemnly, Sir.

Sir Pert. Enough—I am satisfied—you make me young again—your prudence has brought tears of joy frai my very vitals—I was afraid ye were faceenated wee the charms of a crack—do ye ken this hond ?

Egert. Mighty well, Sir.

Sir Pert. And ye, Madam ?

L. Mac. As well as I do my own, Sir—it is Constantia's.

Sir Pert. It is so, and a better evidence it is than any that can be given by the human tongue—here is a warm, rapturous, lascivious letter, under the hypocritical Syren's ain hond, Sir.

Egert. Pray, Sir, let us hear it.

Sir Pert. Yas, yas, ye shall hear it—Eloeefa never writ a warmer, nor a ranker till her Abelard—but judge yourselves.

(*Egerton reads*) “ I have only time to tell you, that the family came down sooner than I expected, and that I cannot bless my eyes with the sight of you till evening, for my heart has no room for any wish or fortune, but what contributes to your relief and happiness ! ”

Sir Pert. O ! Chairles ! Chairles !—Do ye see, Sir, what a dupe she makes of ye ?—but mark what follows——

(*Egerton reads*) “ O ! how I long to throw myself into your dear, dear, arms, to sooth your fears, your apprehensions, and your sorrows.—I have something to tell you of the utmost moment, but will reserve it till we meet this evening in the dark walk.”

Sir Pert. In the dark walk ! in the dark walk !—Ah ! an evil-eyed curse upon her !—yas, yas, she has been often i' the dark walk, I believe—but list—list—

(*Egerton reads.*) “ In the mean time, banish all fears, and hope the best fortune, your ever dutiful *Constantia Harrington.* ”

Sir Pert. There's—there's a warm epistle for ye—in short, the hussy, ye must know, is married till the fellow.

Egert. Not unlikely, Sir.

L. Mac.

L. Mac. Indeed, by her letter, I believe she is.

Sir Pert. Nay, I know she is—Now, Madam, what amends can ye make me for countenancing your son's passion for sic an a hussey? And ye, Sir, what ha ye till say for your disobedience and your frenzy?—O! Chairles, Chairles, ye'll shorten my days!

Egert. Pray, Sir, be patient—compose yourself a moment—I will make you any compensation in my power.

Sir Pert. Then instantly sign the articles of marriage.

Egert. The Lady, Sir, has never yet been consulted; and I have some reason to believe that her heart is engaged to another man.

Sir Pert. Sir, that is nai business of yours—I know she will consent, and that's all we are till consider. O! here comes my Lord.

Enter Lord Lumbercourt.

L. Lum. Sir Pertinax, every thing is ready, the Lawyers wait for us.

Sir Pert. We obey your Lordship—where is Lady Rodolpha?

L. Lum. Giving some female consolation to poor Constantia, why my Lady, ha! ha! ha! I hear your vestal, Constantia, has been flirting.

Sir Pert. Yas, yas, my Lord, she is in vary gude order for ainy mon that wants a wife, and an heir till his estate into the bargain.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, there's a man below that wants to speak to your honour upon particular business.

Sir Pert. Sir, I canno speak till any body noow—he must come another time—haud—stay—Is he a Gentleman?

Foot. He looks something like one, Sir—a sort of a Gentleman—he seems to be a kind of a Gentleman, but he seems to be in a kind of a passion, for when I asked his name, he answered hastily—'tis no matter friend—go tell your Master, there's a Gentleman here that must speak to him directly.

Sir

Sir Pert. Must! hah! vary peremptory indeed! pray thee lets see him for curiosity sake.

[*Exit Footman.*]

Enter Lady Rodolpha.

L. Rodol. O! my Lady Mac Sycophant, I am come an humble advocate for a weeping piece of female frailty; who begs she may be permitted till speak till your Ladyship before ye finally reprobate her.

Sir Pert. I beg your pardon, Lady Rodolpha—but it must not be, see her, she shall not.

L. Mac. Nay, there be no harm, my dear, in hearing what she has to say for herself.

Sir Pert. I tell ye it shall not be.

L. Mac. Well, well, my dear, I have done.

Enter Footman and Melville.

Foot. Sir, that is my Master.

Sir Pert. Weell, Sir, wha' is your urgent business wi me?

Mel. To shun disgrace, and punish baseness.

Sir Pert. Punish baseness! what does the fellow mean? what are ye, Sir?

Mel. A man, Sir!—and one whose fortune once bore as proud a sway as any within this country's limits.

L. Lum. You seem to be a soldier, Sir.

Mel. I was, Sir, and have the soldier's certificate to prove my service, rags and scars—in my heart for ten long years, in India's parching clime, I bore my country's cause, and in the noblest dangers sustained it with my sword; at length ungrateful peace has laid me down, where welcome war first took me up—in poverty, and the dread of cruel creditors—paternal affection brought me to my native land, in quest of an only child—I found her, as I thought, amiable as parental fondness could desire—but lust and foul seduction, have snatched her from me—and hither am I come, fraught with a father's anger, and a soldier's honour, to seek the seducer, and glut revenge.

L. Mac. Pray, Sir, who is your daughter?

Mel. I blush to own her—but—Constantia.

Egert.

Egert. Is Constantia your daughter, Sir?

Mel. She is—and was the only comfort that nature, or my own extravagancies had left me.

Sir Pert. Gude traith then, I fancy ye will find but vary leetle comfort frai her; for she is nai better than she shou'd be—she has had nai damage in this mansion—I am told she is wi bairn—but ye may gang till Hadley, till yeane Farmer Hodges's, and there ye may learn the whole story, and wha the faither of her bairn is, frai a cheel they call Melville.

Mel. Melville!—

Sir Pert. Yees, Sir, Melville.

Mel. O! would to heaven she had no crime to answer, but her commerce with Melville.—No, Sir, he is not the man—it is your son, your Egerton, that has seduced her, and here, Sir, is the evidence of his seduction. (*Shewing the jewels.*)

Egert. Of my seduction, Sir!

Mel. Of yours, if your name be Egerton!

Egert. I am that man, Sir, but pray what is your evidence?

Mel. These bills, and these gorgeous jewels, not to be had in her merial state, but at the price of chastity—not an hour since she sent them, impudently sent them, by a servant of this house—Contagious infamy started from their touch!

Egert. Sir, perhaps you may be mistaken concerning the terms on which she received them—do you but clear her conduct with Melville, and I will instantly satisfy your fears concerning the jewels and her virtue.

Mel. Sir, you give me new life—you are my better angel—I believe—I believe in your words—your looks—know then, I am that Melville.

Sir Pert. Hoow, Sir—ye that Melville?—that was at Farmer Hodges's?

Mel. The same, Sir.—It was he brought my Constantia to my arms—lodged and secreted me—once my lowly tenant, now my only friend; the fear of inexorable creditors made me change my name from Harrington to Melville—till I cou'd see and consult some, who once called themselves my friends.

Egert. Sir, suspend your fears and anger but for a few minutes, I will keep my word with you religiously,
and

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and bring your Constantia to your arms, as virtuous, and as happy as you cou'd wish her.

[Exit Lady Mac. and Egerton.]

Sir Pert. (*Aside*) The clearing up this wanche's vartue is damn'd unlooky! I am afraid it will ruin aw oor affairs again; however, I hai yean stroke still in my head, that will secure the bargain wi my Lord, let maiters gang as they weell.—But, I wonder Maister Melville, that ye did nai pick up some leetle maiter of filler in the Indies—ah! there hai been bonny fortunes snapt up there of late years, by some of the meeletary blades.

Mel. It is very true, Sir, but it is an observation among soldiers, that there are some men who never meet with any thing in the service but blows and ill fortune—I was one of those, even to a proverb.

Sir Pert. Ah! 'tis a pity, Sir, a great pity noow, that ye did nai get a Mogul, or some sic an animal in-till your clutches.—Ah! I should like till ha the strangling of a Nabob—the rummaging of his gold dust, his jewel closet, and aw his magazines of bars and ingots—ha! ha! ha!—gude traith noo sic an a fellow would be a bonny cheel to bring over till this toown, and to exheebit him riding on an elephant—pon honor, a mon might raise a poll tax by him, that woul gang near to pay the debts of the nation.

Enter Egerton, Constantia, Lady Mac Sycophant, and Sidney.

Egert. Sir, I promised to satisfy your fears concerning your daughter's virtue, and my best proof to you, and all the world, that I think her not only chaste, but the most deserving of her sex, is, that I have made her the partner of my heart, and tender guardian of my earthly happiness for life.

Sir Pert. How, married?

Egert. I know, Sir, at present, we shall meet your anger, but time, reflection, and our dutiful conduct, we hope, will reconcile you to our happiness.

Sir Pert. Naver, naver—and cou'd I make ye, her, and aw your issue beggars, I wou'd move hell, heaven, and earth till do it!

L. Lum. Why, Sir Pertinax, this is a total revolution, and will intirely ruin all my affairs.

Sir

Sir Pert. My Lord, wi the consent of your Lordship, and Lady Rodolpha, I hai an expedient till offer, that will not ainly punish that rebellious villain, but answer every end that your Lordship. and the Lady proposed wi him.

L. Lum. I doubt it much, Sir Pertinax, I doubt it much.—But what is it, Sir? What is your expedient?

Sir Pert. My Lord, I hai another son, (Sandy) a gude lad he is—and provided the Lady and your Lordship hai no objection till him, every article of that rebel's intended marriage shall be amply fulfilled upon Lady Rodolpha's union with my younger son.

L. Lum. Why that is an expedient, Sir Pertinax, but what say you, Rodolpha?

L. Rodol. Nay, nay, my Lord, as I had nai reason till have the least affection till my cousin Egerton, and as my intended marriage wi him was intirely an act of obedience till my grandmaither, provided my cousin Sandy will be as agreeable till her Ladyship, as my cousin Chairles here wou'd hai been—I hai nai the least objection till the change—ay, ay, upon honor, yean brother is as gude till Rodolpha as another.

Sir Pert. I'll answer, Madam, for your grandmaither—noow, my Lord, what say you?

L. Lum. Nay, Sir Pertinax, so the agreement stands, all is right again.—Come, child, let us be gone, ay, ay, so my affairs are made easy, it is equal to me who she marries—Sir Pertinax, let them be but easy, and rat me if I care if she incorporates with the Cham of Tartary! [Exit *L. Lumbercourt.*]

Sir Pert. As to ye, my Lady Mac Sycophant, I suppose ye concluded before ye gave yer consent till this match, that there would be an end to every thing betwixt ye and me.—Live wee your Constantia, Madam, your son, and that black sheep there; live wee them, ye shall hai a jointure, but not a bawbee besides, living or dead shall ye, or any of your issue, ever see of mine—and so my vengeance light upon ye aw together! [Exit *Sir Pertinax.*]

L. Rodol. Weel, cousin Egerton, in spite of the ambeetious frenzy of yer faither, and the thoughtless dissipation of mine, Don Cupid hais at last carried his point in favour of his devotees—but I must noow take my leave—Lady Mac Sycophant, your most obedient—

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dient—Maister Sidney, yours—Permit me, Constantia, till hai the honour of congratulating mysel upon oor alliance.

Con. Madam, I shall study to deserve and to return this kindness.

L. Rodol. I am sure you weel; but aw I neglect my poor Saundy aw this while—and gude traith, my ain heart begins to tell me what his heart feels, and chides me for tarrying so long; I will therefore fly till him on the wings of love and good news, for I am sure the poor lad is pining wi the pip of desire, and anxious jeopardy—and so, gude folks, I will leave ye wee the sag end of au auld North country wish.—May mutual love and gude humour be the guests of your hearts, the theme of your tongues, and the blythsome subjects of aw your triesey dreams, thro' the rugged road of this deceitful world;—and may oor faithers be an example to oorsels, to treat oor bairns better than they hai treated us.

[Exit Lady Rodolpha.]

Egert. You seem melancholy, Sir.

Mel. These precarious turns of fortune, Sir, will press upon the heart, for notwithstanding my Constantia's happiness, and mine in hers, I own, I cannot help feeling some regret, that my misfortunes should be the cause of any disagreement between a father and the man, to whom I am under the most endearing obligations.

Egert. You have no share in this disagreement—for had not you been born, from my father's nature, some other cause of his resentment must have happen'd;—but for a time, Sir, at least, and I hope for life, afflictions, and angry vicissitudes have taken their leave of us all. If affluence can procure content and ease, they are within our reach—my fortune is ample, and shall be dedicated to the happiness of this domestic circle.

My scheme, tho' mock'd by knave, coquet and fool,
To thinking minds must prove this golden rule;
In all pursuits, but chiefly in a wife,
Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life.



